Vol. CXXIX. No. 1682.

Fit "TripleX"-and be safe ALVIS do

THE BYSTANDER. MARCH 11, 1936.

The BYSTANDER

STAGE SOCIETY GOLF FILMS FASHIONS

SPRING FASHIONS NUMBER

1/-

WANTED FOR CASH
JEWELS · GOLD
ANTIQUE & MODERN
SILVER · DIAMONDS
HIGHEST PRICES GIVEN
SPINK & SON LTD
THE ALL-BRITISH FIRM
5, 6 & 7 KING ST., ST. JAMES'S, LONDON, S.W.1.
ESTABLISHED 1772
Telephone: Whitehall 5275.

By Appointment to H.M. King George V.
Charles Heidsieck
Champagne · Reims
1926 VINTAGE
FINEST QUALITY EXTRA DRY

BOLLINGER
BY APPOINTMENT TO KING GEORGE V.
CHAMPAGNE
1928 VINTAGE and SPECIAL CUVÉE.

DEVAL REGD
ENGLISH SILK
WASHING FROCKS & BLOUSES
GUARANTEED FAST TO LIGHT AND LAUNDERING IN ANY CLIMATE
OBTAINABLE FROM LEADING OUTFITTERS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD
Enquiries:—DEVAL, 40, NEWMAN ST., W.1.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP
have in 92 years prepared over 33,000 children for a useful life.
1,100 poor boys and girls are now being trained to be useful citizens.
PLEASE SEND A DONATION TO-DAY
164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2

RED HEART
OLD JAMAICA
RUM
THE GREATEST FOE OF 'FLU AND CHILLS, COUGHS AND COLDS AND WINTER ILLS
HENRY WHITE & CO'S RED HEART RUM LONDON

Grant's Scotch Whisky
"BY ALL PREFERRED"

For NEURALGIA and HEADACHE
1/3 & 3/- IN POWDERS OR TABLETS
Sold by all Chemists and Stores
Cephos (See-foss) REGD
Pronounced
THE PHYSICIAN'S REMEDY
is safe and certain

PRICE ONE SHILLING; By Inland Post, 1s. 1½d. OFFICES—LONDON: 32–34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4. PARIS: 65-67, Avenue des Champs-Elysées, Paris, viii. Regd. at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.

AMUSEMENTS

COLISEUM. (Charing Cross.) (Temple Bar 3161.)
6.15 and 9. Weds. and Sats., 2.30. The Side-splitting, Musical Sporting Farce.
"TWENTY TO ONE"
LUPINO LANE. CLIFFORD MOLLISON. Prices 1/6 to 10/6, incl. Tax.

BRITISH HOTEL

SUNNY ST. LEONARDS

Come away from winter's icy blast and enjoy soft warmth in the spacious sun-lounge of the Royal Victoria Hotel. 100 bedrooms and suites all with central and electric heating, h. & c.; unstinted cuisine; large lift; garage . . . from 4½ guineas per week.

ROYAL VICTORIA HOTEL
ST. LEONARDS-ON-SEA. *'Phone: Hastings 869.*

CONTINENTAL HOTELS

BELGIUM.

Antwerp.—Grand Hotel de Londres.—Best position in town. Highest service at reasonable rates. Tels.: Lonhotel, Anvers.

FRANCE.

Paris. — Hotel Lutetia. — Of universal renown. Every possible comfort. Rooms from Frs. 25.

Cannes.—Hotel des Anglais.—Highest class residential hotel in large park. "Going to Cannes means staying at the Anglais."

Cannes.—Spend Winter at the **Htl. Miramar.** Its New Grill—where good taste and good living are insep'ble. All r'ms. with priv. bath.

Menton.—Orient Hotel.—A most lux. hotel, cent. sit. 200 rooms. 100 baths. Terms from Frs. 35 per day. Fac. s'th. Prop. L. Brunetti.

Nice.—Atlantic Hotel.—First class, 200 rms. Own Gar. with lock-ups. Attr. tms. Annexe: Hotel du Rhin. Rms. fr. Fs. 25. Entir. renov.

Versailles.—"Le Home Versaillais," 58, rue du Maréchal Foch. Rooms. Studios. Furn'd flats, 1st-class installation. Moderate terms.

GERMANY.

Frankfurt-am-Main. — Hotel Excelsior. — Left exit of Central Station. 300 beds, from RM.4.

GERMANY—*continued.*

Leipzig.—Hotel Astoria.—The latest & most perf. Hotel bldg. Select home of Intern. Soc. & Aristoc. Man. by M. Hartung, Coun. of Com.

Stuttgart. — Hotel Graf Zeppelin. — Facing Main Station. The most up-to-date Hotel in South Germany.

Stuttgart. — Hotel Viktoria. — Most distinguished world-wide known house. Seasonable terms.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Schwarzer Bock.—1st-cl. fam. Hotel. 300 beds. Med. bath in hotel. Golf. Tennis. Garage. Pens. from Mk. 8.

Wiesbaden.—Htl. Nassauer Hof.—Wld. renwd. Fin. pos. opp. pk. & Op'r. Wiesbaden Springs. Pat. by best Brit. Soc. Pens. from 12 Mks.

Wiesbaden. — Palast Hotel. — First-class Hotel, opp. Kochbrunnen. Every possible comf. Own bath-estab. Pens. from RM. 10.

SWITZERLAND.

Geneva.—The Beau-Rivage—with its open-air Rest. Ter. on lake, fac. Mt. Blanc. Most comf. Prices reduc. Rms. fr. Sw. Frs. 6.50.

Geneva. — Hotel Richemond. — First-class family hotel, overlooking lake. Most up-to-date. Rooms from 6 Frs.

Lausanne. — Belvedere Hotel. — Best pos., first-class cuisine, diet. Weekly terms, all inclusive, from £5.

Let ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS Help You When You Go to Paris and Berlin.

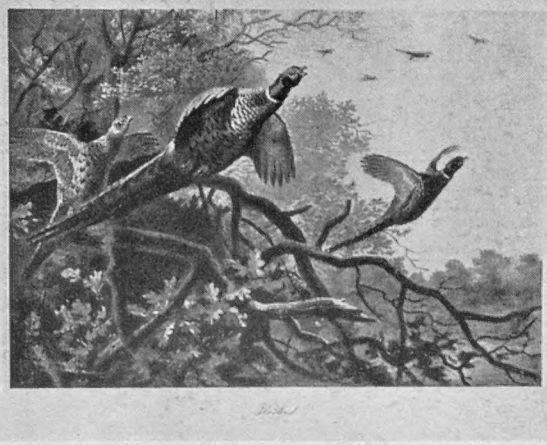
The ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS Reading Room in Paris.

AT the PARIS Offices of "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," "THE SPHERE," "THE SKETCH," "THE TATLER," "THE BYSTANDER," "BRITANNIA AND EVE," "THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS," 65 and 67, Avenue des Champs Elysées, and at BERLIN, 32, Kurfürstendamm, there is a comfortable Reading Room where current and back copies of these publications may be read. In addition, advice and information will gladly be given free of charge on hotels, travel, amusements, shops, and the despatch of packages to all countries throughout the world. *All Continental Business Enquiries should be addressed to:*

PARIS OFFICE: 65-67, Avenue des Champs Elysées. *for* France, Channel Islands, Monaco, Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Austria, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Yugoslavia, and the Balkan States.

BERLIN OFFICE: Kurfürstendamm, 32 *for* Germany, Scandinavia, The Baltic States, Russia and Poland.

A Delightful Gift for a Sporting Friend



Double-Tone Photogravure Plates of GAME BIRDS

(Size 20" x 30"—plate sunk)

The late Mr. Archibald Thorburn was for many years unchallenged among British bird artists. This fact has never been in dispute. He combined absolute fidelity to his feathered originals with exquisite landscape surroundings, while the life-like softness of plumage given to his beautiful "models" has a peculiar fascination. The specimens here offered for sale represent some of the finest work of the late Mr. Thorburn, while of their reproduction no more can be said than that it does full justice to the paintings.

Here are the titles of plates available:
PLEASE ORDER BY NUMBER

2. *The First Victim*
3. *Turning Back from the Guns*
4. *The First Woodcock*
5. *Waiting for the Turn of the Tide*
6. *Grouse at the Drinking-Pool*
7. *The Frozen Spring*
8. *Flushed*
9. *First over the Hedge*
10. *Through the Still Birchwood*
11. *Straight for The Guns*
12. *The Covey Basking*
13. *Sunrise on the First*
14. *A Family Party*

PRICES

Prints	Coloured by Hand
10/6 each	£1.1.0 each

Orders, with remittance, should be sent to:
The Publisher,
The SPORTING & DRAMATIC
Illustrated House, 32 – 34, St. Bride Street, LONDON, E.C.4.

The Bystander, March 11, 1936

No. 1682. Vol. CXXIX.

The BYSTANDER

John Everard

Wendy Hiller Has Pleased New York

When *Love On the Dole* ended its long London run, Wendy Hiller went off to New York to act in the Broadway production of it. There she 's had as great a success as she had here; the tough and weary critics who tell Americans what 's good are reported to have seen Elisabeth Bergner and Helen Hayes mixed up in some of her acting. No one said that here, but agreement about the brilliant naturalness, charm and strength of her acting is easy to reach. The play itself, by Ronald Gow and Walter Greenwood, has the same tragic relevance to the unemployment problem in America as in England

Midday Meeting Round a Cannes Table

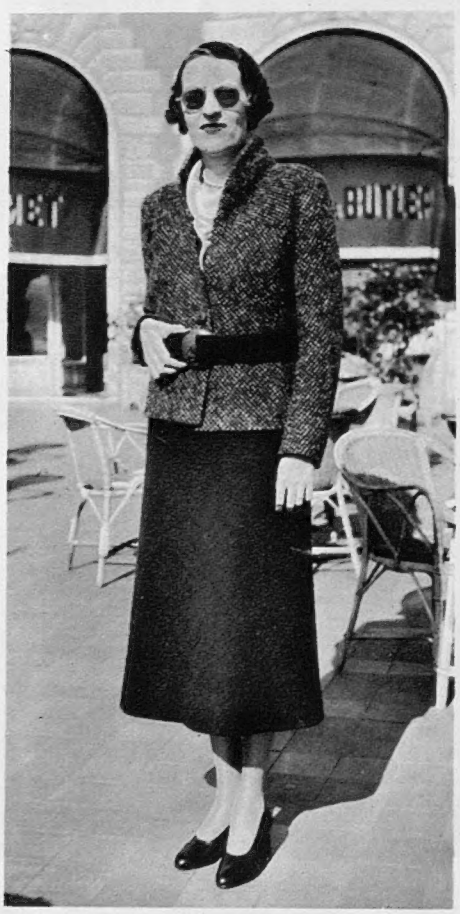
The two in front are Miss Margot Hambling and Prince Andrew of Greece. Sitting at the back are Mr. Gilbert Beale, whose yacht is in Cannes harbour, and Mr. David Townsend who is staying with him on it. The yacht is always one of the centrepieces of the Deauville summer picture

Tennis Interlude

Mrs. Graham Dottridge (Margaret Ball that was) was waiting to play a round in the Monte Carlo tournament. She was in the handicap section with "Billy" Wessel, and is a very useful club player

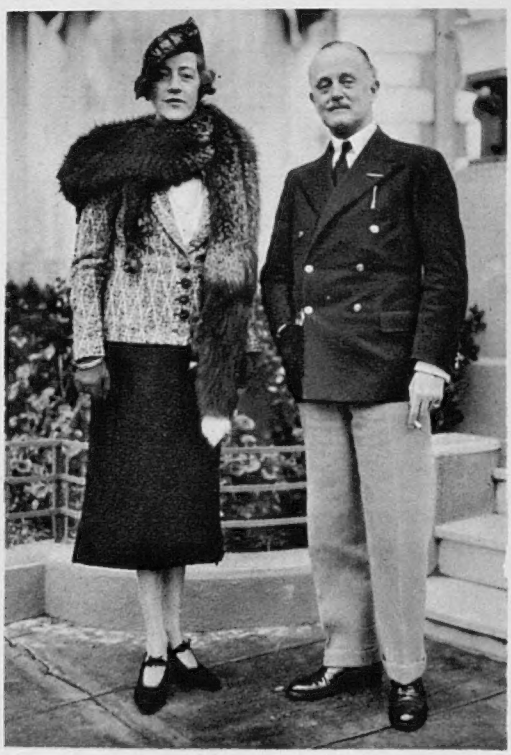
They Can Sit in the Sun

Migrants in Cannes and Monte Carlo



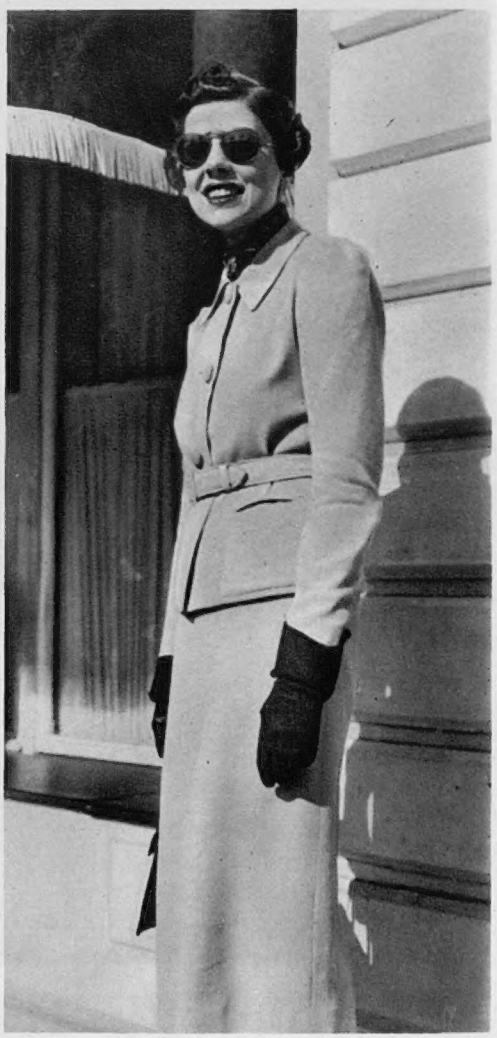
Mme. Paul Dubonnet

Was wearing a two-colour tweed suit in mustard and emerald for her morning appearance at the Carlton Bar at Cannes



Major and Mrs. G. O. Sandys

Are in a Cannes party that includes George Cornwallis-West. Major Sandys has a place in the Lake district or thereabouts, and one of London's few private squash courts at his house in Grosvenor Street



Mrs. Michael Sieff

Was in pale blue with brown accessories; she is the daughter-in-law of the Jewish financier-philanthropist who entertains so generously in London

Lord Lonsdale Names an Engine

Engine-naming seems a new rôle for Lord Lonsdale, but the job was linked up with an old activity. He is president of the Arsenal Football Club, and the L.N.E.R. engine whose name-plate he unveiled is called the "Arsenal." The L.N.E.R. are having fourteen new "football club" engines, of which this is the first, built at Darlington, of the Sandringham type, weighing, engine and tender together, over 120 tons. Mr. G. F. Allison, the Arsenal manager, members of the team, Mr. William Whitelaw, the L.N.E.R. chairman, and several more railway officials, were at King's Cross to support Lord Lonsdale

Celebrity Display

Prince Serge Wolkorsky Gives Advice

Prince Serge Wolkorsky, who was Director of the Imperial Theatres in St. Petersburg and Moscow when Diaghileff first came on the ballet scene, has been giving the Markova-Dolin Ballet Company the benefit of his immeasurable knowledge of dancing. He has visited the Duke of York's several times during his stay in London to watch the performances and to criticise and advise the dancing

Edmond Kapp Has an Exhibition

Edmond Kapp (standing beside his drawing of Baron Aloisi) is the only artist who has been allowed to sit among the delegates of the League of Nations at Geneva. He did twenty-five portraits there under commission of the British Museum, and they are included in his exhibition at the Wertheim Gallery, Burlington Gardens

Charlie Chaplin Goes Cruising

Charlie Chaplin, Paulette Goddard, and Mrs. Alta Goddard (centre), Paulette's mother, have gone cruising in the Pacific in the liner President Coolidge. They decided to go all of a sudden and only just caught the boat

Lord Berners Had a House-Party

Left: Lord Berners has two homes—Faringdon House, in Berkshire, and 3, Foro Romano, in Rome. It was in Berkshire he had a house-party the other day, and Lady Rosebery and Miss Gertrude Stein, who are in the photograph with him, were two of his guests

Going Out to Goings-On

The "Bystander" Records the Social Round

A Popular Win

WEATHER means nothing to keen racegoers, and a mass of people turned up at Gatwick last Saturday week.

Valerie, Lady Brougham and Vaux arrived with Mr. Philip Kindersley, just in time to see his horse, Greek Pie, flash past the post first; a popular win, and Mr. Kindersley forgot a bad fall he had had a few days before, and a subsequent limp, as he dashed off to lead the victor in.

Although women are wearing subdued colours in the country, they have thrown aside the rigid mourning that they still wear in London.

The Countess of Warwick that day was wearing a dark blue and white tweed suit under a white mackintosh. Miss O'Malley-Keyes, escaped from her new and arduous duties in a Davis Street hat-shop, was in dark brown.

The best-dressed woman we encountered on that very cold day was the Comtesse de Pret Roose, in a black and white check jacket, black skirt, and an amusing black and white scarf with cats' heads all over it.

Very Mingled and Matey

NEWS of her good-looking sister, Mrs. Smith Bingham, is contained in a letter just received from Palm Beach, which sounds very much like home at the moment. At the Colony Restaurant there one night lately there were the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, the Duchess of Sutherland, Lord and Lady Stavordale, the Cunningham-Reids, lovely Mrs. Desmond FitzGerald, and the Charlie Mills, not to mention Sir Robert Throckmorton, and the one and only Eddie Tatham.

Just a padding of Americans, too, including Mrs. Corrigan, Fanny Ward, the "Laddie" Sandfords, Donahues, Scheftels, and Mrs. Randolph Hearst. It all sounds very mingled and matey.

To hear of people bathing all day, and an atmosphere more fantastic and "musical comedy" than the Riviera in August is a little trying in these dark days of war rumours, armaments, and very grim weather.

News from Kenya

MORE news from afar. An interesting budget reaches us from Kenya, a spot which, if we ever have time, we hope to visit one day.

We hear that Sir Matthew Nelson has just arrived by air. He was there last year in a party which included Lady Bridget Parsons, the Hon. Mrs. Montagu and Mr. Peter Beatty, and enjoyed some very good shooting.

Lord Lovelace, too, is out there, staying with his sister, Lady Diana Gibb, and her husband, at their cottage in Nairobi, and on their farm at the foot of the Aberdare Mountains. He spends his time fishing and pig-sticking, and is expected home again soon.

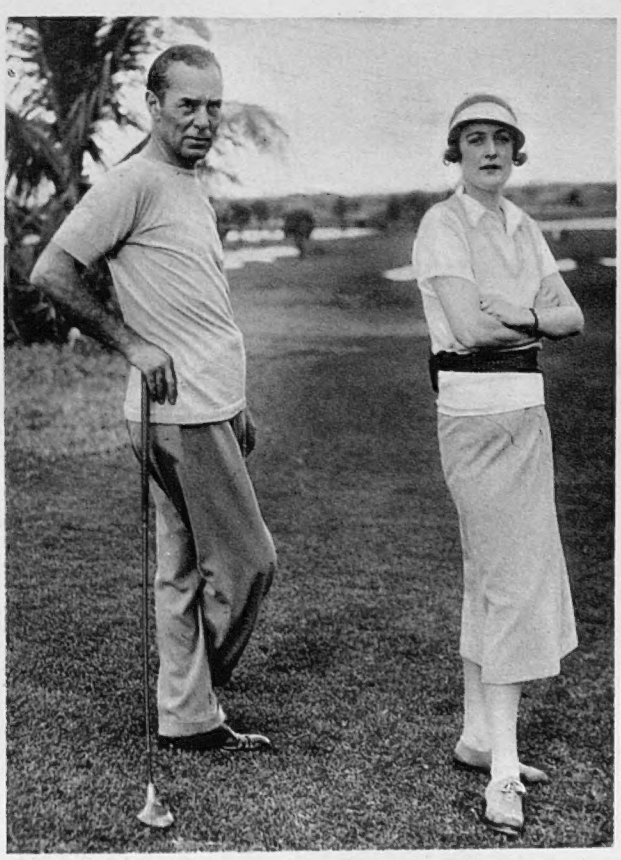
The Leslie Melvilles, who live next door to the Gibbs, own a pack of hounds and hunt jackal on the plains, which is grand sport. Then there are Sir John and Lady Ramsden, who have a lovely house in the middle of an enormous cattle estate. Their son, John, married Lady Catherine Willoughby last year.

Christening

Lord and Lady Russell of Liverpool's daughter was christened Crystal in the House of Commons' Crypt. She is their first child; Lord Russell has a son and a daughter by his first wife. Lady Russell was Betty Ewart before her marriage in 1933

Everything Except Fish!

WOMEN should either wear a flower in their hair in the evening and be all simple and unsophisticated, or a diamond clip and be the other thing.



The golfing photograph is of Mr. Milton Holden and the Duchess of Marlborough, who were playing on the Seminole course down at Palm Beach. The supper picture is of Lady Stavordale and the Duke of Marlborough, who were at the famous Colony Club, Florida's most exclusive home from home for the migrants who go south from New York

The Duke and Duchess of Marlborough Have Been at Palm Beach

Going Out to Goings-On *(Continued)*

You can't plaster your curls with both, without running the risk of being offered a sardine or two. We all know the old saying about " Everything except fish "—or was it a kitchen stove ?

Seriously, if you 're keen on an orchid or camelia in your hair, pin it on with a homely hairpin, and put your diamonds further away or leave them at home for once.

Professional Efficiency

Mr. Jim Lawrence showed us a cupboard full of silver trophies from St. Moritz when we lunched at Sawbridgeworth, his father's house in Essex, last week-end. He is certainly no idler when he visits the high spots of Switzerland ; nor at home, either, because strenuous squash or an almost professional efficiency at ping-pong is the order of the day at the Sawbridgeworth house-parties.

The de Winton Wills were staying there, and Miss Patricia Westmacott, a tall and pretty girl with a lovely complexion.

A Famous " Team "

You expect more spontaneous talent at a theatrical party than at any other, but we were scarcely prepared for any thing like the unusual treat provided by Mr. and Mrs. Cliff Whitley when we supped there on Sunday night.

Among their guests were Mack Gordon and Harry Revel, two out of the six foremost song-writing " teams " in Hollywood. The former, who weighs a lot, has a tiny, crooning voice, and " puts over " his amazingly clever lyrics with all the subtlety and charm in the world, while his partner at the piano, who is young and English, entrances you with such world-famous airs as " Time on My Hands," " I Saw a Dream Walking," and " Without a Word of Warning."

Those Ramsbottoms!

We heard that they make about £35,000 a year each, and that their song-hits were played on the radio 95,821 times last year ! They are over here now doing numbers for Jessie Matthews' new film, and are under contract to Paramount for the words and music for Shirley Temple's new picture.

After this, Stanley Holloway did his inimitable " Ramsbottom " recitations, and eventually we remembered it was Sunday night and tore ourselves away. Captain " Jumbo " Joliffe was there, the lovely young star, Tamara Desni, Vera Lennox, a very pretty member of the Grosvenor House Follies whose name escaped us, and a ubiquitous titled columnist.

A Dégustation Party

Women bant and starve, live on cold cabbage and hot water, boil themselves in Turkish baths, and bore themselves to death with futile exercises and then what ?

Mlle. Alice Delysia, who has a perfect figure, asked us to join her for a cocktail at Prunier's one day last week. Being the " dégustation " hour, she said, " Eat somesing," and while we toyed with a sardine she quickly put away a plateful of oysters, several écrevisses, an entire " portion " of lobster and a peach ! Eric Dunstan, golden-voiced and silver-haired, was discovering what " dégustation " meant, and several other members of the *Silver Swan*, in which Delysia is appearing at the Palace. We returned to Prunier's later the same evening and discovered Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Eden enjoying a quiet " after-a-cinema " supper.

Rumour

As we go to press there are rumours of a long-expected wedding during the week-end. It may be " fait accompli " by the time you read this.

MISS PEEPS

Mr. H. R. Nicholl and Miss Marjorie Dickinson

Left : Henry Rice Nicholl, the son of the late Major B. R. Nicholl and Mrs. Nicholl, married Marjorie Joicey Dickinson at Bywell Church, in Northumberland. Marjorie Dickinson is the daughter of the late Robert Dickinson and Mrs. Dickinson, of Styford Hall, Stocksfield, Northumberland

Mr. Gerald Potter and Miss Virginia Reynolds

Gerald Potter and Virginia Stuart Reynolds had their wedding at the Wellington Barracks' Chapel. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Reynolds, of Virginia ; Gerald Potter is the son of the late Arthur Potter, and is in the Grenadier Guards

Mr. R. F. G. Lea and Miss Valerie Domville

Valerie Domville, Kathleen Lady Domville's twenty-one-year-old daughter, was married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, to Robert Francis Gore Lea. He is the second son of Sir Sydney Lea, Bart., and of the late Lady Lea. The Robert Leas are honeymooning in Devon and Cornwall

Norman Parkinson

The Lady Bridget Poulett

Here 's a new picture of a Mayfair beauty who is back in the social roundabout after a holiday in America. Lady Bridget Poulett enjoyed her U.S.A. trip, went across the Continent to California to see the Hollywood sights and the lovely Pacific coast, hit off some pretty wintry weather in New York, but missed the liftmen's strike. Since she returned she 's been doing amateur mannequin work for a Bruton Street shop, and graced an important spring " opening " last week

The Duchess of Beaufort

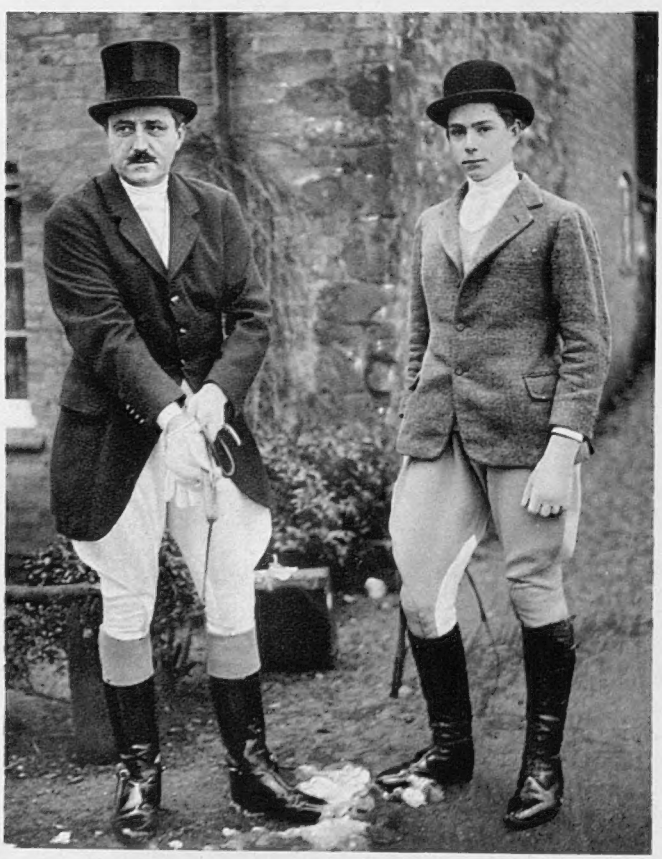
The Duchess of Beaufort was out with her husband's hounds when they met at Stanton on Leap Year's Day — a day that found four foxes and yielded two good runs, one with a five-mile point, but no kill

Mr. Jack Perry, Mrs. Masters and Mr. Dibben

Mrs. Masters, who was huntsman of the Tipperary hounds, has now joined her brother, Jack Perry, and Mr. R. Dibben in joint Mastership of the pack. Mrs. Masters is the best-known horsewoman in Ireland, and recently she rode her hundredth point-to-point winner in ten seasons

They Hunted the Fox

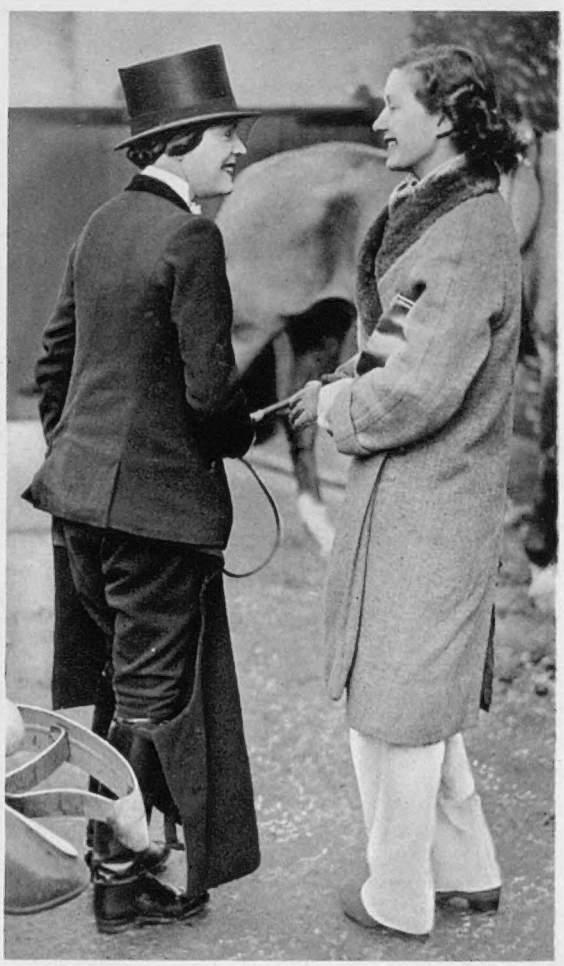
News From the Meets



Lord Dudley and Viscount Ednam

Left: the Earl of Dudley is as keen on hunting as he is on yachting. He and his eldest son, Lord Ednam, were both out with the Quorn when they met at Grimston. Lord Ednam is sixteen, and still at Eton

Right: Mrs. Leo Partridge, in the corduroy trousers which she wears when at meets on foot, was talking to Lady Helena Fitzwilliam, Earl Fitzwilliam's youngest daughter, at the Church Langton meet of the Fernie



Lady Helena Fitzwilliam and Mrs. Partridge

"After You, Who . . .?"

A New "Bystander" Series of

Celebrities in Cameo

No. 11.

Edward Marsh,

C.M.G., C.V.O.

EDWARD HAVARD MARSH, C.M.G., C.V.O., has acted in a secretarial capacity to Joseph Chamberlain, Alfred Lyttelton, Winston Churchill, H. H. Asquith, the Duke of Devonshire, J. H. Thomas, and now to Malcolm MacDonald. It was in 1896 that he left Trinity College, Cambridge, and became a second-class clerk in the Colonial Office. He has been there ever since except for a tour of East Africa and Uganda in 1907.

It is not, though, as an ornament of Whitehall that Eddy Marsh is known to the general public. The friend of Lady Juliet Duff, Lady Colefax, Ivor Novello, Lady Randolph Churchill, Christopher Hassall, Lady Ripon and Lady Cunard is one of the most persistent first-nighters in the country. He has also been fairy godfather to any number of young poets and painters. His gift of encouragement for the artistic debutante is one of his nicest accomplishments, and it is odd that a man full of such Christian charity should have such Satanic eyebrows. He will even go to the extent of correcting their proofs for budding novelists—a prospect which is more than the most devout bishop would care to contemplate.

His own creative gifts are considerable. Instance his translations of La Fontaine, which are among the finest in the language. But, on the whole, he prefers to keep in the background. Rupert Brooke owed a great deal to him. Once they visited the Pink and Lily near Princes Risborough. You will find their names and an autograph poem still in the visitors' book.

EDDIE MARSH is also a very fine judge of a picture and has an admirable collection of modern artists from Richard Wilson to Sickert. In his opinion Stanley Spencer, Matthew Smith, Duncan Grant, and Paul Nash are the most significant of the present English school; while he regards Michael Rothenstein as perhaps the most promising of them all. Modern poetry, however, he professes himself completely incapable of understanding, and, like me, he regards Gertrude Stein's outpourings as the sheerest rubbish. Until he was thirty music was the greatest thing in his life. Now he is not so interested and definitely prefers chamber music to opera.

Eddie Marsh speaks quickly, nervously and almost anxiously. He is fond of saying "Yes, yes," a trifle querulously, while his left elbow fidgets and his right hand rattles the coins in his trousers' pocket. He wears an eyeglass, plays a keen game of tennis, looks rather quaint in the water, and has had the same single-handed housekeeper, Mrs. Elgy, for thirty-eight years. In a morning coat he provides a bland, slightly plump exterior and the certain knowledge that he must be the perfect house guest—witty, fastidious, kindly, unruffled, easily interested, interesting, quiet and exceedingly patient. Eddie Marsh, I am sure, has never done anybody a bad turn throughout his life. He never gossips. He never gives away a secret—not even a dull one. When self-conscious for a moment he will put out his right hand, palm facing down and slightly behind him. Max Beerbohm drew him like that. You will notice, too, how his hand is poised, all stiff, when he is about to say goodbye, while his eyebrows rise still higher up his forehead.

In fact, the more one thinks about him the more extraordinary was his adventure in Corsica when he was lost for twenty-four hours in the villainous prickly, bandit-infested undergrowth. And yet one can wager that he was as immaculate as ever after dinner.

Charles Graves

Baron

"The Music Goes Down and Around"

Do you know that song? Probably. Well, that's the instrument it was written about—technically a euphonium in B flat, in America a tuba-horn. Mike Riley and Eddie Farley, of the Onyx Club, New York City, heard a girl explaining how it worked: "You press the first valve down, the music goes down and around, and it comes out here." They seized her words, a pencil, some paper, and the song was born. Sixteen thousand copies of it were sold in one day by one New York publisher, it filled a whole radio programme, milkman's matinée, from 2 to 7 a.m., and a few weeks ago it hit England and burst into a million repetitive pieces. Thank you, Mr. Riley and Mr. Farley. *And* the girl

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By "The Bystanders"

THE Coronation being now fixed for next June, it is obvious that the ceremony will be broadcast. And if by that time wireless science has succeeded in capturing some of those spoken words which have been floating about in the empyrean for centuries—they say it 's possible, and Rabelais let his rich fancy play with the idea 400 years ago—it would be interesting to have a B.B.C. programme of coronations past and present.

We 'd like to hear the voice of William the Conqueror answering Archbishop Aldred, and the neurotic hag Elizabeth complaining audibly that the Oil of Coronation stank, and George the First belching out his responses in his thick German accent, and the fresh girlish voice of Victoria. Whether, after the first shock was over, this would thrill a public satiated to the back teeth with sensation and hamwitted anyway, is a question for debate.

If the wireless boys do succeed in fishing all those historic words out of the aerial waves we 'd be interested to hear one especially—the one Cambronne used at Waterloo. In the history-books you 'll read that when called on to surrender Cambronne replied nobly, "The Guard dies, but does not surrender!" This is pure hokey-pokey, pish-posh, and fumble-bumble, like so many things in history books. Cambronne's retort actually was a rather vulgar but very useful and compact five-letter French word very popular with taxidrivers, showgirls, motorists, soldiers, mannequins, milkmaids, sailors, villagers, flowergirls, guests at the Hall, etc. So popular, in fact, that it 's been recently included in the Dictionary of the Académie Française, though you certainly won't find its equivalent in the New English Dictionary. (The idea!)

Hech, Hech Dept.

THE Scots Secretary of State's committee enquiring into the Scots marriage laws—not before it was time, they say, hech, hech—produced one very interesting point. There is, it seems, no protection whatsoever for an English girl who is persuaded by a handsome but high-principled Scot to accompany him back and contract a (valid) "irregular" marriage under Scots law. Nor can her parents do anything about it. This seems to us frankly not too bad. The stern virtues naturally associated with Scotsmen, their larger size in hats, their hairy knees, their modest but continual self-depreciation, their bushy eyebrows, their manly habit of lapping their porridge with salt instead of sugar, the financial carte-blanche accorded them by Calvin—all these combined attractions sweep a girl off her feet. And Scots law seems to us, as it stands, to take the quite proper attitude that whatever way a girl marries a Scotsman she ought to be darned glad of the opportunity, and that any girl disputing this deserves a powk in the lug from Little Mother Wendy. (Every time Wendy gives a girl from Surbiton a powk in the lug a million wee fairy mice in flannel hats are born, which is just one hell of a nuisance for everybody.) These things being thus, why the fuss?

"—And this little pig stayed at home"

Chez Maxim's

A FRIEND just returned from Paris, where we haven't been for some time, tells us that Maxim's is recapturing its former éclat, or very nearly. In its way Maxim's is a national monument. Founded in the Rue Royale some time in the dark nineteenth century by Cornuchet, it made a fortune for him, and have you ever heard why? Because Cornuchet was the first French restaurateur of distinction to employ the Anglo-Saxon apostrophe "s." "Chez Maxime" would have been pretty dull and ordinary; but "Chez Maxim's" was terribly chic in those far-off days, and smart Bohemian and demi-monde Paris flocked there, including the gay caricaturist Caran d'Ache, Russian by birth, who was to be seen at Maxim's most nights, a pretty lady on each knee.

That was the veritable atmosphere of *The Merry Widow*, and when Lehar's librettist gave the place a further boost you could, so old boulevardiers have told us, with a reminiscent gleam in their rheumy old eyes, hardly get into Maxim's at all. After the war it went down, for some reason. Who can ever (apart from the Gadarene motif) explain why a given smart restaurant is packed one month and empty the next? We had supper there once or twice, circa 1925, and the deserted melancholy of the place nearly made us cry into our soup. Now, apparently, it 's packed again. The slightly rococo decorations remain the same, and so they should. If the present occupier is fool enough to modernise Maxim's he 'll kill it once for all.

Talking of that subtle apostrophe "s," we once came across a delicious example about five years ago—a tiny bar in Montmartre with the legend "JAZZ'S BAR" across its front in blue Neon lights. If you 've come across a prettier one we 'd like to hear of it.

Holà, Les Girls!

JUST after revealing the other day that we have six lovely

" You 're a sugary type — medically speaking, of course "

Take Cover

ONE interesting British industry, according to reports from the British Industries Fair at Olympia, is going very strong. Manufacturers of dartboards, apparently, can hardly cope with a rush of orders from half the world, including Scandinavia and the Dutch East Indies. Thus does a very old game bob sturdily up at a time when ephemeral " novelty " games blossom every few months for a brief space and fade ignobly into limbo. It must make the inventors of things like Pog Wog and Tiddle Iddle and Hu Ju very thoughtful ; also irritable.

What is probably elevating darts so much socially is the surprising grace its performance requires and develops. We 've seen gnarled and ancient farm-labourers poised for a shot like Eros or the Flying Victory. A slim and beautiful woman looks even lovelier than they do. This may be why so many country houses have dartboards nowadays—many of them owning two kinds, a normal one for playing before dinner, and one the size of an archery target for after dinner. In our experience women are pretty good at the game. They weren't ever very good at archery (especially when archery flourished last, in the 70's and 80's) and if they 'd been the executioners of St. Sebastian, St. Sebastian would probably have died of old age. So why they should be good at darts we couldn't say, except that they 're more terrible every way now than they used to be.

Tiller Girls to check data for us in this office, we read that Mrs. John Tiller, widow of the founder, had left nearly all her money to " thirty faithful members of the Tiller Dancing Girls' organisation."

There 'll be sore hearts in many departments of social and public life when the lucky thirty are revealed, we 'll bet. Apart from practically running Fleet Street, for example, half a dozen Tiller Girls of all ages are on the Imperial General Staff. In Whitehall they 're almost indispensable. " What the devil does this mean ? " a Cabinet Minister will cry, waving some new confidential report up and down and wagging his great dull head in misery. They send for a Tiller Girl and after a glance at the document she says " okay," she 'll dance it. Which she does, and all is clear. Again, most official Government pronouncements are avowedly written by Tiller Girls. In the leading political clubs you can hear the members next morning arguing over the identity of the writer.

" Gertie, for a monkey ! "
" Don't be a fool, Wilbraham ! That 's Milly ! I 'd know her punctuation a mile away ! "
" I 'll bet you a pony ! "
" I 'll bet you an elephant ! "
" Well, you 're a lot of fools ! Look at that ' them that didn't ought ' ! That 's Ivy. Anybody 'll tell you that."
" You 're talking rot, sir."
" Get off my foot, sir, damn you ! "
" Look here, sir !—— "
" Excuse me, Faughhampton—— "
" Now look here, Goffingbury !—— "
" Don't click when you talk, Mizzlehame ! "
" I say it 's Vi ! She always ends with a preposition ! "
" Rot ! " (etc.)

Unseemly brawls and extravagant wagering generally ensue, after which the members totter to armchairs and lie there pallid and lifeless, as you see them from the 'bustop. Sometimes the secretary has to be sent for. Very often she turns out to be a rather aged Tiller Girl too, unable to kick very high but still blooming.

" I 've got a new corset that 's pretty certain to interest you "

Nize Baby

THE toy department at the B.I.F. also reports brisk sales. The newest kind of British doll on exhibition is one which "breathes, coos, drinks, gurgles, squeaks, and can be bathed." You 've probably seen it already, on the films, its lovely features apparently expressing joy, fear, envy, horror, surprise, bewilderment, love, hate, merriment, sorrow, and aspiration. Only the very highest form of art can convey all these emotions without the flicker of an eyelash. Happily in this country we have the perfect mate for this exquisite type—viz., the first-class cricketer.

Dabbling slightly in eugenics, we long perpetually to bring the cream of these two types together, marry them, and segregate the offspring. Perfect immobility of feature and complete lack of any expression whatsoever—that 's what we 'd expect and hope to get. We 've suggested the experiment to several cricketers, but they never seem to understand what we 're driving at. The pale blue eyes remain stony, the long, sad horse-faces show no reaction, the jaws open dully, and we 're on to the next Tests before we know where we are.

Another experiment we 'd like to try is mating a thumping big hockey girl with a B.B.C. don, if that isn't too macabre for you. Their offspring would probably have enormous knees and simian features and would talk about "Pwogwess" all day long on a sort of thin, whiffling note, very embarrassing and dreadful.

Booksy Corner

THE woman councillor of West Ham who beaned an alderman with a bulky volume of municipal reports during a debate recently evidently knew what big books are for.

One shrewd crack on the mazzard from a sizeable volume is enough to lay almost anybody out. Dr. Johnson knew and practised this trick, they do say. Osborne the bookseller having been rude to him, the Doctor up and beaned him with a tall folio, the largest and best kind of book for the purpose. Atlases, gazeteers, volumes BIF-COW and FUM-HIC of the *Encyclopædia* are next best, and year by year *Who 's Who*, that fascinating romantic anthology, grows fatter and heavier and more fitted for useful employment. For striking slim or tiny women many people prefer a Victorian edition of the poems of Tennyson, bound in morocco or even plush. They stun only lightly, and they produce a pleasing immobility.

Don't think we 're not being serious about this. Lovers of literature sometimes overdo it—witness that famous brawl in the Athenæum reading-room. While a lot of deans and dons were wrangling and pinching each other one of them snatched and rolled up a copy of *Punch* from a table and beaned his enemy with it. The victim fell like a log, his skull completely cracked by the force of that mass of words. Only a bit of lead-piping produces that same hard, clear, distinctive *wok* as the weapon meets its mark.

Racket

THE President of the Royal Academy was pretty gloomy about professional prospects the other day. Art schools, he said, keep on turning out crowds of young artists, mostly mediocre, plastered with prizes and scholarships and injudicious praise, and most of them haven't an earthly. Even if people were buying pictures. Even if their's were good. "Already," added Sir William Llewellyn, "there are too many pictures in the world." And the great painters of the ages compete with the moderns still.

In our opinion most of the blame is to be laid on the art critics. They aren't so much like hysterical housemaids as their brothers and sisters of the booksy racket, but they create false values with an almost equally cock-eyed zest. They use a rather more impressive jargon, too.

On the other hand they get no free food and drink at publishers' parties. There isn't as much double-crossing in the art racket as the literary, according to Scotland Yard. Still, the gangs exist, and nobody seems able to cope with them.

One way of cleaning up the art world, perhaps, would be to check a growing and very un-English and unsporting trick on the part of certain portrait-painters who shoot sitters. Whistler began it by potting at Carlyle when he was painting him. "I don't know why I did it," said Whistler afterwards to an interviewer. "Something just came over me. I think the modern girl is rather 'daring.' I am in favour of reciprocal tariffs. I think the cinema is still in its infancy, and I imagine town-planning has come to stay."

THE BYSTANDERS.

"She says she 's seen it before, in another life"

Fayer of Vienna, Dorland House

Paul Robeson Plays Toussaint L'Ouverture

Paul Robeson is playing Toussaint L'Ouverture at the Westminster next Sunday evening and Monday afternoon. The play is by C. L. R. James, a coloured writer, and deals with the life of the great negro hero and general who, from slavery, rose to be independent ruler of St. Domingo before he was captured by the French to die of starvation in prison in 1803. Robeson himself is thirty-six, a member of the New York Bar, an actor since 1921; he made his English debut at Blackpool in *The Voodoo* with Mrs. Patrick Campbell in 1922. *The Emperor Jones* first made him known to London as an actor, and *The Show Boat* as a singer, since when he's given more recitals here and in Europe than he has acted in plays. *Sanders of the River* gave him his most important film appearance on this side the Atlantic

Second Thoughts on First Nights

A French Fracas and a Canned Classic

The hen-pecked husband, French style (Ralph Richardson)

"Promise" (Shaftesbury Theatre)

ONE question that suggests itself after seeing *Promise* is whether temperamental women of middle age would not be better separated from their families, particularly their grown-up daughters, for a time and placed under medical supervision. Madge Titheradge plays Therèse Delbar, a woman of this type, with such terrifying sincerity that it is grim to think there really may be such women making hell of their homes. Even her gaiety is febrile and agitating; surely only a woman in the last fling of vanishing youth could fall for an odious young cub like Toni Flammery (Francis James).

The Delmar ménage, besides its chatelaine, Therèse, consists of Monsieur, Catherine (Edna Best), daughter of Therèse by her first marriage, and Solange (Ann Todd), the spoilt darling of her mother's heart. She has become engaged to Thierry Keller (Robert Harris), an impecunious young artist, who drops a bomb in the family circle by announcing that he has changed his mind and wishes to break off the engagement; a bomb that becomes an earthquake when he reveals that it is Catherine whom he really loves.

Here the verities seem to waver; perhaps it is not easy to assimilate the French point of view; a broken engagement may be a more vital matter in Paris than in London. French parents have a way of arranging the marriages of their daughters, but here again one wonders why this particular marriage should have been arranged. Solange will have money of her own, but she is a spoilt young woman to whom great wealth would obviously be important. Then why Thierry, with his slender income and simple tastes? The girl is only hurt in her vanity, but her mother lets herself go in her defence and attacks Catherine in the most cruel and unforgiveable way. Naturally, in time the storm subsides; everyone settles down happily except the wretched Therèse, who has made her own uncomfortable bed and has to lie on it, alone.

(Continued on page 432)

Ann Todd is Solange, the spoilt young thing who comes off better than she deserves

Therèse Delbar (Madge Titheradge) doesn't get what she wants for the first time. Thierry and Catherinebaulkher (Robert Harris and Edna Best)

Second Thoughts on First Nights *(Continued from page 431)*

Edna Best plays Catherine with a sensitiveness and restraint that never degenerates into dullness; the depth of her character and her love for Thierry and her stepfather cannot be doubted for a moment; she has the supreme quality of the art that conceals art. Ralph Richardson is amazingly unlike himself in the part of Emile Delbar, which makes his performance all the more an achievement. He gives a picture of an elderly sick man who has assumed a quiet and pathetic detachment from the hectic life of his family, and it is with real relief we see that he is going, at last, to derive comfort and pleasure from the happiness of Catherine and Thierry.

H. M. Harwood had made a happy translation of this play by Henry Bernstein, which is remarkable less for its plot than for the well-drawn (if too violently contrasted) characters. It should certainly fulfil its Promise of spring and enjoy a long and successful run.

"Pride and Prejudice" (St. James's Theatre)

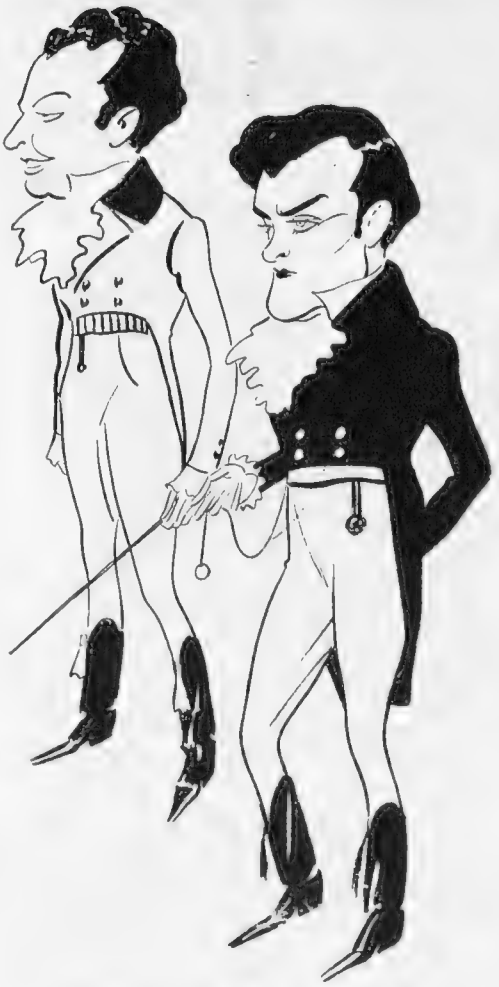
JANE AUSTEN has always had her fans, and no doubt they will be increased in number by the production of *Pride and Prejudice* in which Helen Jerome so skilfully portrays the true Austen spirit. The dramatic version of such a book cannot aspire to be more than a morsel to whet the appetite and interest, and these will probably manifest themselves in a big demand for the books of Jane Austen by those not already familiar with them. Rex Whistler's pictures of the period are delightful: they embrace the quiet charm of Longbourn, the Bennets' home; the hideous ornateness of Rosings Park, the residence of the Lady Catherine de Bourgh, and the crowded, overpictured, middle-class room of the Gardiners in Cheapside.

Though in each scene the dresses enchant and satisfy the eye, most people must have formed their own mental pictures of how the well-known characters would appear in the flesh, so, obviously, it must be impossible to please everybody. The general conception of Mr. Collins is probably less on low comedy lines than Lyonel Watt's interpretation of that pompous parson. The Mr. Bennet of Athole Stewart could hardly be improved upon, but Barbara Everest, in showing Mrs. Bennet as a tiresomely silly woman, with a tiresomely sing-song voice, cannot prevent her from becoming rather irritating.

The whole spirit of the play, however, is embodied in Elizabeth, a loveable girl whose dry wit and sound common-sense give the impression that she existed ahead of her time: here Celia Johnson does not fail us. She gives us an Elizabeth full of charm and indomitable spirit, and her treatment of the scenes with Darcy strikes just the right note. Even in a novel of considerable length it is difficult to get to know Darcy well enough to understand him, or to believe in his intrinsic merit, so it is greatly to the credit of Hugh Williams that he makes the materialised Darcy so interesting and almost credible.

Jane and Lydia are very different from their sister, the former a love-sick maiden, played by Dorothy Hyson, is without any doubt our pretty Jane, but she might, with advantage, have a more gentle voice. Lydia is just a precocious minx played healthily by Leueen Macgrath.

It would have been interesting to meet the two other daughters of the house, Kitty and Mary, but there are so many characters in the book that, for dramatic purposes, it has to be a matter of the survival of the fittest.



Regency bucks—grave and gay: Mr. Darcy (Hugh Williams) and Mr. Bingley (John Teed)

Catastrophe in the Bennet family—the arrival of Lydia's letter: Mr. Bennet (Athole Stewart), Elizabeth (Celia Johnson), and Mrs. Bennet—overcome with the vapours (Barbara Everest)

Sketches by Rouson

Howard Coster

Charles Morgan—Author and Dramatic Critic

Charles Morgan has been *Times*' dramatic critic since 1926, succeeding the great A. B. Walkley, under whom he had served as assistant for five years. His critical essays are in the highest *Times* tradition, polished, often profound, and witty in a reserved, subtle, sarcastic manner. He is a novelist of high reputation but small output; since he wrote *The Gunroom* in 1919, only four books of his have appeared—*Their Name is Legion*, *Portrait in a Mirror* (Femina-Vie Heureuse Prize, 1930), that lovely book, *The Fountain* (Hawthornden Prize, 1933), and the brief *Epitaph on George Moore* last year. On April 2nd *Sparkenbroke*, on which he has been working for four years, will make its appearance. Charles Morgan is a Worcestershire man, son of Sir Charles Morgan, an eminent civil engineer; he was in the Navy before and during the war, president of the O.U.D.S. during his post-war Oxford career, married in 1923 a fellow-novelist, Hilda Vaughan, and has a son and a daughter

WE are the sporting set.
We've done no work for generations;
Our country seats we have to let
To rich American relations.
We're experts at racing
And gourmets at lunches,
When not dining at Quag's
You'll find us at Punch's.

"Admissions"

By Ian Grant

Decorations by Fenwick

WE loathed the clever boys
Who went top of the class at school,
Who thought in terms of Hoi Polois
And never of breaking a rule.
As confidence tricksters
We once made a packet,
But the Western Brothers
Have ruined our racket.

Photographs by Anthony

In the "Lac des Cygnes" Pas de Trois

As Columbine in "Carnaval"

Elizabeth Miller

A New Ballerina of the Vic-Wells Ballet

ELIZABETH MILLER is the second Vic-Wells "product" to make her name this season. First there was Margot Fonteyn for the critics to talk about, and then this eighteen-year-old dancer began to build up a reputation in leading rôles. She joined the Company when she was fourteen or fifteen, and has worked her way up from the corps de ballet, in which, like all the Wells soloists, she still takes her turn. Her most remarkable quality is the floating lightness of her dancing, a lightness that often recalls Riabouchinska. Her parts during the season have included the Girl in *The Rake's Progress*, in which she succeeded Markova, a solo part in *Sylphides*, the *Lac des Cygnes* pas de trois, the *Blue Bird* pas de deux, and *Fête Polonaise*; more recently she has appeared as Columbine in *Carnaval*, and in the leading rôle of *The Gods Go a-Begging*

Films of the Day

Taming the Marx Brothers

By George Campbell

ONCE upon a time there were four Marx Brothers—Groucho, Chico, Harpo, and Zeppo. Zeppo became an actors' agent, and then there were three—not quite so witty as usual, but just as uproariously funny, in *A Night at the Opera*.

Somebody in the United States, a notoriously litigious because incurably optimistic country is suing M.G.M. for plagiarism over this picture. He alleges that this and that bit of comic business was lifted from a script he submitted. Far be it from me to prejudice the hearing, or come between an American citizen and the pursuit of happiness, but I doubt if there are many farces in which you could *not* find hints of *A Night at the Opera*. It is the personality of the Marx Brothers, their superb aplomb and brilliant technique that makes the whole thing look fresh and new.

I KNOW it is a waste of time to talk about *A Night at the Opera*. Either you adore the Marx Brothers already, in which case you don't need to be told that they are funny, or else you loathe them on sight, and nothing will induce you to see them again.

I am not so fanatical a fan that I think every word they utter is purest genius. (Did not Groucho himself, after a wisecrack that missed fire, turn once towards the camera remarking: "They can't all be good!"?) I never thought Harpo was particularly devastating when he reclined with his feet on a woman's bosom, or raised his leg for the ingénue to catch. It is pleasant to record that neither of these well-worn jeux d'esprit appears in *A Night at the Opera*.

IRVING THALBERG, M.G.M.'s ace producer, is credited with an ambition to make the Marx Brothers less crazy in other ways, so that they will fit better into a comic but otherwise fairly "straight" story. But is this really a good idea? If *A Night at the Opera* is the result of Thalberg's theory, then it seems to work out pretty well; if he wants to conventionalise the trio still further, I have serious doubts.

After all, what is the Marx Brothers' peculiar quality? Surely that they acknowledge no limits to their art; that they move outside time and space, in a realm where all things are possible. Force them to conform to ordinary laws of behaviour, to fit into a straight story, and what would they be? Just stoodges—feeders for some crooner and his insipid blonde.

WE have seen what happened to certain other M.G.M. comedians like Buster Keaton and Jimmy Durante. They said that poor Keaton could not adjust himself to the talkies, that he was no longer very funny. That may be. Certainly his private life, what with suits for alimony, bankruptcy, and a recent period of confinement in a straight-jacket, hardly conduced to successful merry-making—for it is only on the screen that the *Pagliacci* plot works really satisfactorily. For myself, Keaton remained one of the screen's more considerable figures, and I am convinced that with better stories and direction he would have held the public he won with gorgeous farces like *The Navigator* and *Spite Marriage*.

Jimmy Durante's range is more limited, but with his amazing personality and vehemence of attack he should always have a place in a big studio. Yet he, too, has been scrapped. He has gone back, happier they say, to his work on Broadway, clowning in revues, and intermittently howling his songs at the piano with all his old zest.

The Tenor is in Danger

Allan Jones is the tenor hero of "A Night at the Opera" in its straight phases; when Groucho and Harpo appear, he, like everything else, is flotsam and jetsam on the waves of their craziness

ONE can only hope that the Marx Brothers don't go the same way. It may be my imagination, but already Groucho seems strangely subdued. He has a few good wisecracks, as where the lady he is dining with idly picks up the bill, and Groucho nonchalantly remarks, "If there 's anything wrong, I shouldn't pay it!" For the most part, however, there is less verbal wit in *A Night at the Opera* than in *Animal Crackers* or *Monkey Nuts*, and more careful attention to story and situation.

For the first time the Brothers are afflicted with a connected plot, even a love story. A handsome young Italian tenor loves a singer; she is offered a contract at the Metropolitan Opera; he is left behind, together with his self-appointed manager, none other than Chico Marx. Or so it is supposed. But when you see Groucho being ushered with a gigantic trunk into a tiny cabin, you suspect something is about to happen, and sure enough, who should pop out of it but Harpo, Chico, and the tenor. To the crowded cabin comes a steward to fix the bed, and an engineer to fix the heating, and a stewardess to sweep the floor, and a young woman inquiring, "Did you want a manicure?"

"No," says Groucho instantly, "Come right in."

To some people the non sequitur may not seem funny, even when they see it on the screen. I am sorry for them.

THERE is something cosmic about Groucho. He stands, as I have said, outside space, like Mr. Dunne's Infinite Observer, surveying the passing shows with sardonic eyes, unruffled calm, and a wit that expresses perfectly the spirit of the age. It is a mad world, my masters, the Marx Brothers seem to say. Nations war on nations, individuals rob and kill, ballyhoo counts for more than brain power, nothing is what it seems.

And what can the individual do about it? Nothing—nothing except preserve his serenity and his sense of humour, and take the world as it comes. It is the philosophy of a race reared in hardship, "starved, scourged, derided," like Mr. Chesterton's donkey, but keeping always its courage, patience and wit.

"You Can't Do That There 'Ere!"

Harpo, Chico, Groucho

Harpo, the Marx Musician, Plays Trombone

The Three Marxes

In Their New Film "A Night at the Opera"

THE Marx Brothers till now have been every sort of answer to the conventionalist's parrot-cry: "You can't do that there 'ere!" In their new film, "that there" is several degrees more subservient to "'ere," the normal world has been allowed to rub some of the edge off their shattering inhuman lunacy. But only some of the edge; *A Night at the Opera* still contains three of the brothers and a good three-quarters of their habitual capers and wisecracks. The film is at the Empire

Rich Man's Restaurant: the San Marco's Awninged Entrance

Scotland

London Before Midnight

Lamplight Medley by Roger Schall, of Paris

Below: Along the Embankment Grind the Noisy Trams

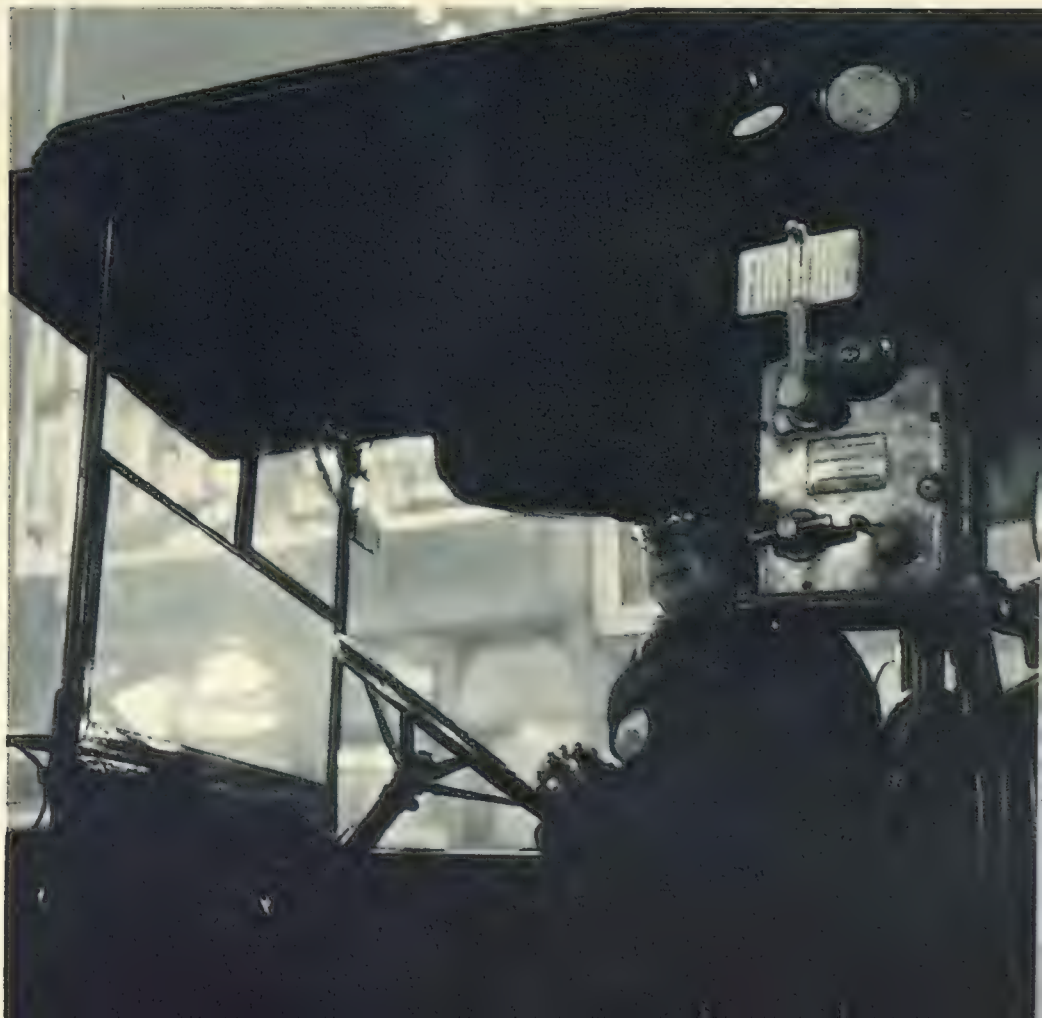
Poor Man's Restaurant: Supper

ard Guards the King's Peace

A Back View of the Pleasure Quarter — Off Leicester Square

Below: *Romantically and Commercially, Courting Couples Are His Best Fares*

atrons at a Coffee Stall



Madeleine Oseray as Sonia

Madeleine Oseray plays the part of Sonetchka, the street-walker daughter of a direly impoverished family, whose features, according to Dostoyevsky, are "pale, drawn and angular"

St. Petersburg Third Degree

Porphyrius is the police superintendent whose skilful psychological methods torture the young murderer under his observation. The part is played by Harry Baur in Chenal's "Crime and Punishment"

Raskolnikov Quarrels with Looshin

Raskolnikov, at the door with Razoumikhin (Alexandre Rignault), quarrels with his sister's fiancé, Looshin (Aimé Clariond). Lucienne Lemarchand and Marcelle Géniat play the parts of Dounia, the sister, and Mme. Raskolnikova, the mother

The French Film of a Russian Book

"Crime and Punishment" at the Academy

FEODOR DOSTOYEVSKY wrote *Crime and Punishment*, the study of a monomaniac murderer, at the end of the nineteenth century. Last year two brave attempts were made to translate this essentially Russian novel into a new language and a new medium. Columbia starred Peter Lorre in America, the film in which Sternberg made his reappearance as a director; while in France the Général Productions put Pierre Blanchar into the part of the student Raskolnikov. It is the latter version, directed and in part adapted by Pierre Chenal, which has its English première at the Academy Cinema to-night

Pierre Blanchar as Rodion Romanovitch Raskolnikov

Pierre Blanchar's performance of Rodion Raskolnikov has already been acclaimed in New York. The film of "Crime and Punishment," like the book, begins with the crime and deals with the punishment—a study of monomania delicate to portray

Howard Marshall on "Rugger"

Next Saturday's Match at Cardiff

NEXT Saturday we have the real battle for the International Championship. Ireland and Wales at Cardiff. A tremendous affair, in prospect, at any rate, and I look forward to it with relish.

There is nothing quite like an International Rugby match in Wales. The flavour is unique. From the moment you enter the train at Paddington horribly early on the Saturday morning you are conscious of the tension. The train is crowded. The breakfast is copious. The talk is interminable. The smoke is dense. And at the other end—how the excitement gathers!

THIS time so much depends upon it, and such unusually interesting teams are in opposition. It is scarcely reasonable, after Ireland's grand performances, to suggest that Wales should win. The safer prophecy is that we should see a desperately hard and close game, with very little in it at the finish. Ireland have the forwards and Wales have the backs—that is about the size of it—and we have observed before now that the best backs in the world are powerless behind really beaten forwards.

Are the Irish backs so negligible, after all? I must say they shook those who thought so by their form at Murrayfield. There was a life and keenness and speed about them that afternoon which indicated that with the spur of confidence they might press any back division very hard indeed. Morgan is a grand scrum-half—Wales will have little the better of the struggle there—and if Hewitt is not a Cliff Jones he is at least an extremely competent player, and a very greatly improved one, or I am much mistaken.

IRELAND certainly have no three-quarter to compare with Wooller. I saw Wooller in a relatively good club match the other day, and he was most obviously in a class by himself. He appears to be playing at the top of his form just now, and this means that his great stride and speed make him possibly the biggest match-winner of recent years. In this club game he had hardly any chances, and yet he was largely responsible for a quite unexpected victory. He made his own chances, and led up to scoring positions which only he could have engineered.

Wooller's kicking is prodigious. I remember one drop-out of his from the centre, an apparently lazy swing of the leg which sent the ball curving away to drop full pitch into the arms of the opposing full-back on his own goal-line. Wooller could drop a goal from halfway without much trouble, and this long-range kicking of his adds to his attacking value considerably.

It is always uncomfortable to have an opponent who may pop the ball over the bar at any moment, and whenever the ball does reach Wooller his opponents are frightened. He keeps the other side on tenterhooks, and that is a great asset. And even if he does not score himself he draws the defence, and makes it possible for less illustrious runners to go for the line.

Wooller is one of Ireland's major problems. I have no doubt that they will mark him with leech-like persistence, but it is the gaps he creates as much as the actual running he does that lead to trouble.

I WRITE this before the Welsh side has been announced, but I take it that Cliff Jones will be chosen again at stand-off half. It would be difficult and unjust to leave him out after his magnificent performance against Scotland, and yet I hear that young W. T. H. Davies, of Swansea, is playing brilliantly nowadays.

Davies is Tanner's partner in the Swansea team, and some may think that it would be wise to develop this club partnership, particularly when we remember the great half-back partnerships which have contributed so much to the glory of Welsh Rugby. There was that remarkable scrum-half, R. M. Owen, for example, who was often given his regular club partner, R. Jones, at stand-off half in preference to the more brilliant Llewellyn Lloyd, simply for the sake of club combination.

Obviously half-back play is a special phase of the game, a partnership depending for its highest efficiency upon an intuitive harmony between the two players, and such partnerships do not occur often.

In Tanner and Davies Wales have an uncommonly young and clever pair of half-backs who might serve their country for years, and it is reasonable to argue that the sooner they start playing together in International matches, the better it will be for Welsh play behind the scrummage.

WELL, there it is. If Wales do not need Davies yet awhile, they might lend him to England. It is, indeed, rather odd to think of the good players who have been left out of International teams this year for one reason or another. Davies in Wales, H. Lind and K. C. Fyfe in Scotland, J. L. Giles in England, and there are others who, in normal seasons, would be certain of their caps.

BUT we are drifting away from next Saturday's match. The more I think of it, the more I see it as the old problem of the irresistible force meeting the immoveable object. All we can say with certainty is that both Wales and Ireland played grand football against the wretched Scotsmen, and that if they play equally well against one another we are sure to see a remarkable game.

And there, perhaps, being by nature timorous, I had better leave it.

Guy's Won by a Point

Guy's forwards are rushing the ball through the Old Cranleighans' pack in this picture which shows the complete scrums of both sides; seven Hospital forwards more than held the Cranleighan pack after Yerbury had dropped to Halamandre's place at full-back. Guy's beat the Old Boys by two tries and a dropped goal (10 points) to three tries (9 points)

Molly, Molly, bright and jolly,
How does the party go?
Lobster shells and oyster shells
And Guinness all in a row

GUINNESS IS GOOD FOR YOU

G.E.570

"Bystander" Short Story No. 28

The Chest: By Mary Hastings Bradley

It was a chest large enough to hold a man. It had been created for that purpose by cunning Moorish artificers who, in carving the panels and intricately inlaying them with almond wood and mother-of-pearl in silver had deftly arranged filigree openings through which a man might breathe.

It had been made, the story was, for the favourite wife of a certain old-fashioned pasha, and good use she made of it. One day the husband, grown suspicious, returned unexpectedly and ordered it opened. The key could not be found. The wife, indignant, swore by all her holies that there was no-one in it and that she would never forgive the insult if her husband forced the lock. Thereupon he declared that he would act upon his belief in her word and had the chest taken out by the water gate of the palace and dumped into the river. After a day or so it came to the surface and a fisherman towed it ashore and discovered its ghastly contents.

That was the story told by the silk-robed Arab in the little shop where the chest lay now for sale.

"*Quelle histoire!*" said Lili. She added, delighted, "But that is amusing! I must have this chest. It would look well in the little pavilion in my garden."

Lili was very slight and very fair; her hair was gilt and her eyes green as peridot. At one side of her was her husband, a large and equable person, with eyes the colour of clear coffee and hair turning the silver suitable to his years; at her other side was a young and handsome captain wearing a decoration for gallantry.

He said amusedly, "One hears a thousand such stories. They are in books everywhere."

"But many must be true," said the husband. He had a slow, comical smile. "I am credulous—I confess I like to believe. And it is such a beautiful chest."

"Isn't it?" said his wife. "I may have it, then? For the pavilion?"

"But yet it is an ominous chest," said the husband, more comically, yet eyeing the chest with exaggerated distaste. "An unlucky chest—a warning to husbands. Let us keep it out of our paradise."

Lili gave him an enchanting smile. "I want it," she declared. "It is a Moorish chest. It belongs in my pavilion."

De Brindeville shrugged. "I have no resistance when she is like that . . . ! But he is asking a ridiculous price."

"Oh, the price!"

"Listen to her, Raoul . . . one would think she had been accustomed to the palace of Versailles." Only in such light words did he ever allude to the poverty of his wife's origin. "I suppose I must make what terms I can . . . she has let her eagerness be apparent. They know I am going to buy it for her. You see what it is to be *fou* about a woman. Certainly it is a handicap. I would commit any folly to please her—or to keep her. I suppose you do not understand that?"

Said the young man, stiffly: "Even a bachelor—has imagination."

The coffee clear eyes rested thoughtfully on him, then passed slowly to the chest.

"Excellent," he murmured.

Lili was thrilling with the excitement born of danger and the command of danger. She knew that Raoul loved her to madness; she knew that she loved him. She knew that her husband was far from a fool, but she would dare much to keep Raoul attached to her.

How much she would dare she had never owned to herself or to Raoul, but now as she stood in that dim shop, looking at the big, commodious chest with its lovely length and accommodating air-holes, it seemed to her that in acquiring it she was unquestioningly fulfilling some inner law of her being, which could now have its way with her.

She reflected that her maid, though not over devoted to anyone but herself, was bold and keen-eyed and avid for finery.

THE chest was brought, the following afternoon, into the pavilion in the garden. It was an enchanting garden, a three-cornered bit of land, walled behind the villa, with one side open to the sea; a garden which embodied De Brindeville's almost Oriental idea of the seclusion desirable for his young wife when he was not with her. Orange trees bore globes of gold within it, lilies were white against the ilex, climbing roses and plumbago wreathed the arches of the pavilion with a fantasy of bloom. It was a still, high place, the sky above and the sky beyond, edging the unwalled rim of garden that jutted so dizzily over the sea.

When Lili stood on the brink of the open cliff and looked down into the swirl of water at the cliff's foot she shuddered. But in the days that followed she stood very often at the edge, always when from the pavilion she had seen a certain boat on the waves, and sometimes it happened that she waved a long, bright scarf at the occupant of the boat. There was a beach beyond the point where a boat might stay, and up the cliff was a venturesome way, from ledge to ledge, that a young and reckless man might take . . . if he cared to run the risk.

Raoul Barcourt took it very often. His love for Lili was beyond his reason and the risk of the cliff as nothing to the risks they ran together in the garden. The quiet of the pavilion might enfold them with the illusion of security, but they both knew that it was only an illusion, that always a watch must be kept. There were two ways into the garden, one from the grounds of the villa and another from a wing of the villa itself. When the young captain was in the pavilion the maid maintained a watch midway between those paths. At those times, for Lili, alone with her lover, the garden became the Paradise that De Brindeville had called it.

Then, on a day when she felt safest, when her husband had left for a yachting trip over the week-end and the garden seemed a very Eden for the lovers, the maid came, quick-breathed, into the pavilion, to say that De Brindeville had suddenly returned to the villa. In that moment Lili knew that she had always counted on the chest.

"Quick, Raoul . . . hide in it!" she besought. She waved the maid back towards the house, then raised the lid. "Hide here!"

(Concluded on page 446)

Sketch by Clark Fay

"'What are you waiting for?' said Lili's husband to the two men"

- SMART, SOPHISTICATED, GAY
- NEW AND DESIRABLE
- LOVELY TO LOOK AT. FASCINATING TO READ

1/-

Leisure

The NEW LUXURY Magazine for Women

Fortnight by fortnight LEISURE will unfold the exciting panorama of modern life. The genius of the world's dress designers; the subtlety and wit of famous writers; the liveliest work of artists and photographers: books, films, the theatre, bridge, motoring and furnishing—indeed every interest of the worldly-wise, discriminating woman of to-day will be covered in new and interesting ways.

Fashions
LONDON AND PARIS

Beauty
GOOD GROOMING AND PERSONAL CHARM

Home
DISTINCTIVE AND SELECTIVE

Pleasures
GAY & INTELLIGENT

IN THE FIRST ISSUE TO-DAY
THE NEW KING BY HECTOR BOLITHO
NEW NOVEL BY E. M. DELAFIELD
LEISURE BY JAMES LAVER
SHORT STORY BY EDITH WHARTON

PUBLISHED EVERY OTHER TUESDAY · AT ALL BOOKSTALLS AND NEWSAGENTS

The Amalgamated Press, Ltd.

The Chest

(*Continued from page* 444)

He hated the ignominy; his impulse was to face the husband, to tear his Lili from her prison and dash with her into the oblivion that such dashing would produce, but he could not refuse her agony of appeal. He would have hidden in hell rather than compromise her, so into the chest he went, and she lowered the lid and turned the key and hid it in her dress. Then she started along the path to the house.

Her husband was not on it. In the villa she learned that he had gone into the garden, so back she went to the pavilion. It appeared untenanted, save for that invisible occupant in the chest, but as she stood there, uncertain she heard steps coming on the other path. Instantly she sank into a chair, picking up a book, from which she raised her eyes as carelessly as she could, when De Brindeville appeared.

She could not see that he looked either suspicious or unsuspicious. She said, "Marie said you were here. I went along the path, then came back."

Composedly he kissed her hand. "A charming attention, my dear. I made a slight circle of the garden."

"But why did you return?" she inquired—because not to inquire would have been strange. "You were going on the yacht."

"So I was, my dear. But it was a stupid trip—since you have not the taste for yachting."

"But you are so fond of it."

"And so I am. But what matter if a little is lost so one does not lose the greater . . . the pleasure of your society?"

She smiled, but not with too much softness, for softness was not her way.

He asked, "You are glad to see me back?"

"But, of course." Her smile deepened. It was not her way, either, to be aloof or difficult; she was always pliant and pleasant.

"With me," he observed, almost apologetically, "your society has become a passion, and when one has not many years left why deprive oneself of the truest joy? Youth can wait . . . youth has an infinite expectancy . . . but when one is old one does not deny oneself a moment."

"You are a philosopher," she said.

"Something of one," he acknowledged negligently. "But I am original. I arrange . . . that my system shall come to pass."

"What do you mean?"

"What should I mean? Have I not arranged our life together . . . this garden, this beauty? It did not come by itself. And our marriage——"

"That is true," she interrupted nervously. "You have done much."

"But have I done well? You love it here—this isolation . . .? You are not lonely——?"

"Lonely!" She managed a surprise. "Why should I be? You are not often absent——"

"And when I am gone you have your thoughts of me—yes? You are not of those with whom to be out of sight is to be out of mind."

"You are never out of my mind," she said a little drily.

"Nor out of your heart?"

"You are sentimental to-day, Rudolphe."

She tried to say it lightly, but her lips were stiffening.

His eyes were on her, intent, speculative, full of an odd, lambent brightness. It was as though a light were shining through coffee-coloured glass.

"I am always sentimental about you, Lili," he said very quietly. "I am an old man . . . with an old man's fancies. Perhaps an old man's distrust. I imagine things."

"Nothing wrong of me, I hope?" she said, boldly.

He made a mild gesture with his big hands. "Of you. Of everyone. The world whispers . . . it is full of whisperers. I may think they lie, but one needs reassurance. One needs the presence of the beloved, her words . . . I am waiting for your words, Lili."

"What words? What do you want me to tell you?"

"That you love me. That you love me alone. That you are incapable of deceiving me."

She lifted her chin and looked at him, her eyes a steady brightness under her long lashes. "I love you, Rudolphe. I love you alone. I am incapable of deceiving you."

She broke off into a laugh. "What nonsense! As if such a thing could enter my head! Or yours." She grew braver. "I dislike even the sound of the words."

"So do I. Let us forget them." He smiled easily. "It is the chest, I think, which put it into my mind," he said, and her heart stood still in her breast.

"That old Moorish chest with its horror of a history. . . . The chest which the husband flung into the water. . . . That chest for which you had a fantasy. . . . I forget what you keep in it, my dear?"

A coil was tightening about her stilled heart. A cold, paralysing coil like the tightening of a serpent. It was all that she could do to say briefly, "Books——"

"Let us open the thing and see how commodious it is."

Her freezing lips smiled. "Like the lady in the story, I have mislaid the key."

He glanced at the chest. "That lock is difficult to force."

"Oh, I would not have it touched! The wood is too lovely to have scratched. The key will be found. It can be opened any day."

His glance continued to dwell upon it, in slow speculation. Then he looked at her and she saw there was something very definite in his eyes. "I hate the thing," he said slowly. "Let us be rid of it."

"I will do so. To-morrow."

"To-day. It reminds me of things . . . it suggests too much. I know I am a fool with whims, but let us gratify them."

"By all means," she cried vivaciously. "But why bother about the poor chest now? We will have it taken away to-morrow. Now let us have some tea and a game of cards——"

"I am not in the mood. Something weighs upon me. I think it is the chest. Let us have it carried away."

"But where would you put it? It is all right there . . . until to-morrow. Forget the chest——"

"That is precisely what I cannot do, my little Lili." There was a change in his voice. "It disturbs me. Let us have done with it."

"What do you want done?" she said desperately.

"I should like to hurl it over the cliff, into the water. To stay this time. A whim. But why not?"

His voice was confessedly amused. But his eyes never left her.

"Why not, indeed?" she said, laughing a little. She perceived that the end of everything was upon her and the extremity of her plight gave her courage. She must choose . . . if, indeed, she had a choice left.

"You consent, then?" His voice was curiously intent.

"Why not . . .? If that is your whim. The chest was amusing . . . it seems a pity to destroy a thing of beauty—but if you have a notion to hurl chests over cliffs——!"

She laughed again, more easily. "How are you going to do it?"

"Orson," he called. The chauffeur, who must have been standing at a distance, waiting some call, approached. "Get the gardener, Orson, and bring him here."

They were silent till the two men came up. "I am tired of this chest," said De Brindeville. "You men take hold of it and heave it over the cliff."

"Into the water?" asked the gardener.

"But naturally, imbecile. Where else is it to go?"

"It is heavy," said the gardener, grunting, as they lifted it.

"It is full of books," said De Brindeville.

The gardener and the chauffeur, puffing, put their muscles to the strain, and with the chest between them took the few necessary steps to the edge of the cliff. There they paused and cast their eyes back on the master as if waiting further word.

De Brindeville was sitting, his head thrust forward, a pleased, half-incredulous smile on his face, watching the woman. She sat, frozen, incapable of doing more than look down at the hands in her lap. Presently, in the pause, she understood that she must life her head and look up, interestedly. She must even say something. So she said, lightly, "Silly!"

"What are you waiting for?" said her husband to the two men.

They heaved; they thrust; the chest toppled forward out of sight. They craned forward, looking down. "There she goes," said the gardener. The chauffeur whistled under his breath, rubbing his red hands. The chest had been heavy.

"That is all," said De Brindeville. They went away. He stretched back in his chair and looked again at the woman sitting so quietly opposite him.

"A bad dream, my Lili."

"I hope you feel better," she said, rallying. He must understand that she understood his suspicions and was amused.

"Women are marvellous!" he murmured. "One might expect you to cry out . . . you seemed to care so for the thing. But when it is your husband's will . . . not a word! Ah, I knew you would be like that. In fact, I wagered on it. . . . I wagered you would not oppose me. The captain lost. . . . Are you convinced now, captain?" he said, raising his voice.

From a niche, where a small faun was hidden by a mass of bougainvillaeas, there stepped a most erect young figure. The Captain Harcourt came slowly forward and stood stiffly before them both.

Lili kept herself from a cry. She stared at the face which would not turn to her.

"I met the captain as I came—he must have been shown in by one gate as I came in another," said the husband suavely. "And upon seeing the chest our conversation ran to your fancy for it, and I insisted that, despite that fancy, you would permit it to be thrown away at a word from me . . . without a protest. . . . The captain did not believe in the existence of such wifely devotion. . . . I trust you are converted, Monsieur le Capitaine?"

The young man bowed a stiff bow from the waist. "Completely. . . . May I be permitted now to withdraw and not further interfere in the re-union of so devoted a wife and husband?"

"It is what I should have expected of your delicacy," said De Brindeville.

Lili looked after the young man. Her eyes, green as peridot, were intent with the understanding suddenly vouchsafed her. She knew now that her husband had reached the pavilion before her, that he possessed another key, that he had ordered the young man from the chest. Then, instead of a challenge, he had suggested the retreat behind the statue, on some pretext . . . or under guard of the chauffeur.

For a moment her understanding faltered, so hard was the grip of the pain that held her. She had courage; she had told herself that she could bear the loss, could live on in a world in which Raoul was not . . . but how could she live on in a world in which he was, but was not for herself?

Yet that was exactly what De Brindeville had arranged.

THE END.

Spring Fashions

by Elizabeth

Lenare

There is something very lovely about this bridal frock designed by Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street. It is expressed in heavy satin, cut on classical lines, and tinted a warm shade of shell pink, which to the majority of women, is infinitely more flattering than dead white. The moulded skirt sweeps the ground, while the corsage is gathered into soft folds by a yoke of "Periwinkle" embroidery, which is repeated on the long sleeves. Chiffon and satin make the graceful train, a separate affair starting from the waist, and the scheme is completed by clouds of pink tulle which fall from a halo of plaited satin. Naturally the latter can be exchanged for a wreath of orange blossom, though nowadays many brides defy superstition

Lunch At One

Or

Dinner At Eight

Various attempts have been made on the part of designers to change the evening silhouette, but actually it remains very much the same as last season with a few additions. In some cases, waist-lines have dropped and slope down at the back, but this is by no means universal. In the same way, it has been suggested that skirts should be shorter in front, but it remains to be seen whether this idea will prove a success. Shorter trains, however, and the absence of elaborate draped effects are noticeable characteristics. Chiffon is among the fashionable materials, as it lends itself to shirring and sun-ray pleating. It is used for the charming dance frock pictured above which comes from Jay's, Regent Street, and only costs 6½ guineas. Pleated frills outline the neck and form a cascade down the back of the skirt which is cut with a short train. A dinner frock in satin back crêpe from the model gown department at Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street, is seen on the right. It is cut on slimming lines with a high neck and bare back. The wide belt and collar are of printed crêpe de Chine, like the finger-tip swing coat which accompanies it. There is a definite trend towards evening suits with ground-length skirts and short tailored jackets, either with or without a basque. These are ideal for dinner and cinema wear, as when the coat is discarded, a full evening dress is revealed

Lenare

Ribbed cloque combining silk and wool makes this smart ensemble from the coat and skirt department at Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge. The frock is severely tailored, while the finger-tip swing back coat is trimmed with flying squirrel dyed to tone

Lenare

Capes, boleros and basques are some of the things that women are wearing this season. Ensembles have tight skirts, rather shorter than last year, and full-swing coats of varying lengths. There are many tailored suits in black and grey with crisp organdie blouses, piqué waistcoats and floral silk jumpers. Flowers in general are prominently featured by many designers, and appear in all sorts of unexpected places. They are seen in printed silks and coloured embroideries, or by themselves in clumps at the waist, or round the neck in the form of a halter. The latter applies more to evening fashions when they may also be worn in the hair and on the backs of long gloves. Liberty's, Regent Street, have chosen printed crêpe de Chine with floral garlands and a lattice design for the afternoon frock pictured above. It is very simple, with a boat-shaped neck, huge puff sleeves and a suède belt. This firm, by the way, are also showing some charming frocks and suits for cruising in sun-gleam crêpe and cotton georgette. On the left is a silver fox cape designed by Percy Vickery, 245, Regent Street. It is exceptionally beautiful, and mere words cannot do it justice, as it must be seen to be appreciated. Two extra large skins are worked to form a V down the back, and the price is 39 guineas. An illustrated catalogue will gladly be sent post free on application

Lovely To Look At—

Delightful

Black paper panama makes this becoming hat from Selfridge's, Oxford Street. It is trimmed with ciré ribbon and a bunch of green and white cherries on the sloping crown, while the brim tilts forward in front and up at the sides. It can, of course, be made in other colours

Here is yet another variation of the Breton sailor which for many months has proved so fashionable. It is expressed in paper panama and petersham, the latter crossing the crown and jutting forward. There is a bandeau at the back and the price is 49s. 6d. at Swan and Edgar, Piccadilly

Once again black and white lead the way. In this case the hat is of petersham with a border of white feathers and a quill to break the line. It is surmounted by a veil tied in a bow, and may be seen at Woollands, Knightsbridge

To Wear

Black and white will be ultra smart this season, so why not choose this amusing and distinctive model in white linen baku. The crown is like the leaning tower of Pisa, and the brim dips forward. It is trimmed with black and grey feather mounts, and comes from Harrods

THE fact that extreme styles are always shown at the beginning of every season makes it difficult to say what the general trend in millinery will be, but there is certainly no lack of originality, and so great is the choice that every woman will be able to find something to suit her. Shapes inspired by the Chinese and Flemish Exhibitions will undoubtedly prevail, also Tudor bonnets and bowlers with veils drawn over the face and tied in a bow at the back. The latter is a revival of pre-war days. At present crowns are either very shallow, or extra tall like a flower pot. This effect is enhanced still further by a bunch of flowers seemingly growing out of the top

Photographs by Dover Street Studios

This hat is little more than a shallow saucer of dove grey felt with a quill stuck through the rolled brim, and a diminutive eye veil to cover the forehead. It is accompanied by a ruffle of spotted net, and may be seen at Harrods, Knightsbridge

Perched at a precarious angle, this charming hat might easily have been worn by King Henry VIII. It also comes from Harrods, and is carried out in black ballibuntal, trimmed with ostrich fronds dyed in two shades of orchid mauve. A concealed elastic holds it in place

Somewhere The Sun Is Shining

Fashions in sportswear are cleverly interpreted by Jaeger, 204, Regent Street, and this year their tennis clothes have been designed exclusively by a Tennis Champion of 1934. This expert considers that "shorts" dresses in linen or piqué will be worn by the majority of players, as they are so comfortable and practical. One of these is shown in the above photo. It is carried out in fine wool, with a youthful Peter Pan collar and buttons down the front. Fulness is achieved by inverted pleats in the shorts, while the accompanying cardigan is hip length with wide revers. When it comes to cruising, a visit should be paid to Fortnum and Mason, Piccadilly, where the most enchanting play suits and beach frocks are being shown. Among these is the beach suit on the right which is made in crease-resisting linen. The straight-cut trousers and brassière top are all in one, while the short-sleeved bolero is separate, and can be discarded when sun-bathing. It is made in several colours and costs 6½ guineas. A smart alternative would be a poplin play suit with pleated shorts for 3½ guineas, or flannel slacks with a pull-over sun top or swim suit

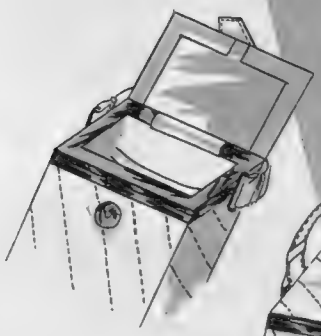
BRITISH CELANESE LIMITED 'CELANESE HOUSE' W.1.

The 'cut' depends on the Dressmaker, but the 'hang' on the Fabric . . . and the new Season's Fashion Fabrics by 'Celanese' cut and hang wonderfully. Bouclé Fancy Crêpe . . . made from 'Celanese' Yarn and 'Celatil' Yarn, a new product of British Celanese Limited, is used to make this attractive Day Frock.

Discovered by Petta;

The Bystander in search of novelties

Pictured by Penn.



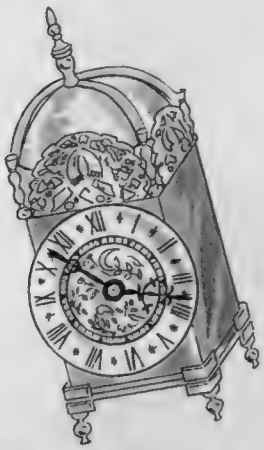
Square handbags shaped like hat-boxes are news. This one is made of white calf diagonally stitched in black. It is lined with satin and contains all the usual fittings, including mirror and purse. Needless to say it is available in other colours

These are not mere nailbrushes, as one might imagine, but initial hair brushes with pure bristles and erinoid backs. There is the whole alphabet to choose from, and the colours are charming

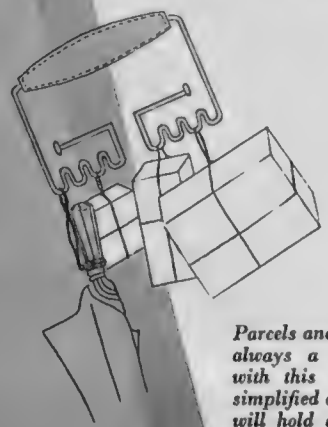
The "Cambrella" caused a great sensation at the British Industries Fair this year, as it is covered in silk, and in place of an ordinary handle there is a perfectly good "Coronet" camera which takes excellent snapshots measuring 3¼" by 2¼". Spare rolls of midget films are carried in the tassel

Household requisites played a prominent part at the British Industries Fair, and this light-house reading-lamp was shown together with the other articles sketched. It is chromium-plated, and therefore never gets tarnished or dulled, but casts a subdued and becoming light

If you haven't got a real cat, you must certainly have a black cat gong to bring you luck. This one is chromium-plated with a metal figure. Note how the hammer is suspended on the cat's tail



Antique brass clocks are a change from the modern styles in mirror glass. This one is a copy of a seventeenth-century Cromwellian clock, which originally hung from a bracket on the wall. It has an eight-day lever timepiece, and is also obtainable with a striking movement



Parcels and umbrellas are always a nuisance, but with this carrier life is simplified considerably. It will hold any number of packages, can be carried in the handbag when not in use, and only costs 1s.

THE WINE JAR

AN old Woman saw an empty Wine-jar lying on the ground. Though not a drop of the noble Falernian, with which it had been filled, remained, it still yielded a grateful fragrance to the passers-by. The Woman, applying her nose as close as she could and snuffing with all her might, exclaimed, "Sweet creature, how charming must your contents have been, when the very dregs are so delicious."

A thing of quality is a joy for ever and the high quality goods you buy at Marshall & Snelgrove's will remain a source of satisfaction long after the price has been forgotten.

These new spring models are from our Small Sizes Salon, First Floor. If you cannot call please write for a copy of our new brochure of small size clothes.

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE
Tel. Mayfair 4600 (Debenhams Ltd)
OXFORD STREET
W·1·

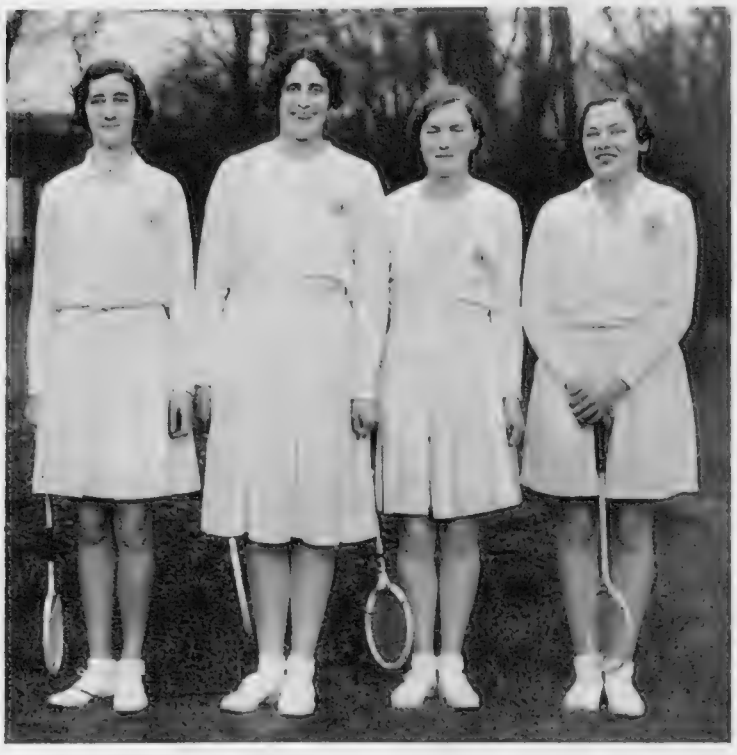
Modes for the Petite . . . .

THE COAT. *Well-tailored Small Women's new seasons' self-coloured Tweed Coat, in excellent ranges of colours, lined throughout. Stocked in four sizes* 5 Gns.

THE ENSEMBLE. *Well-tailored Three-Piece, featuring the three-quarter top coat, with cardigan and skirt to match, in reliable herringbone tweed, in new spring shades, top coat lined throughout. Stocked in four sizes* 5½ Gns.

Miss Margot Lumb

Was 1935 Squash Champion of England and America, and is brilliant enough to be called the Amr Bey of women players. In the final of this year's English Championhip (last Saturday) she looked a certain winner



Four of the English Team

Miss Betty Cooke, the Hon. Anne Lytton-Milbanke, Mrs. Ian McKechnie and Miss Rachel Sykes are all English internationals. Anne Lytton-Milbanke was the other championship finalist, having beaten Mrs. McKechnie in the semi-final. Betty Cooke lost to Margot Lumb.

They Play Good Squash

English and American Competitors in the Championship

Mrs. Roger Dunn

Is the tallest of the very tall American team, standing over six feet. She is from New York; was beaten by Miss P. Blake in the first championship round at Queen's

Miss E. E. Sears

Is Captain of the American Women's Squash team, an ex-doubles champion at lawn tennis, a long-distance walker, and fifty-three years old. She was beaten in the first round of the Championship

Miss Anne Page

Is the leading U.S.A. squash player and also a good lawn tennis player; ranked twentieth by the U.S.L.T.A. She was beaten in the fourth round of the Championship by Anne Lytton-Milbanke in a five-game match

At the United Border 'Chases

Mr. and Mrs. Anstruther-Gray and Mr. Trotter (centre) were at Kelso, where the United Border Hunts' meeting was held in heavy rain. Mr. Anstruther-Gray is the Member for North Lanark; his wife is the late Hon. Geoffrey Lambton's daughter, and a niece of Lord Durham. Mr. Trotter is Brig.-General G. F. Trotter's son

Turf News of the Week

Round the Point-to-Points

Golden Miller and Evan Williams

Golden Miller has been given a new jockey in place of Gerry Wilson. Evan Williams is to ride Miss Dorothy Paget's erratic 'chaser in the Cheltenham Gold Cup and, possibly, in the National. Williams, who is no relation to Dudley Williams—Kellsboro' Jack's rider—is from Mr. Ivor Anthony's outfit

Below: Angus Cameron and Lady Jane FitzRoy were at the Aldershot Steeplechases, one of the few recent point-to-points held in fine weather, where Capt. Morrison won the Smith-Dorrien on his Hambletonian II.

Below: the Hon. William Astor, Lord Astor's M.P. son, and Miss Mills were two more spectators of the New College and Magdalen point-to-point at Faringdon. In the Grind Cups, out of a field of twelve, only Mr. Carlisle's Badby (owner) and Mr. Ancil's Lady Spots (Mr. Little) finished

A Cartload at Faringdon

Miss Tollemache, Mr. Villiers, Mr. Galoway, and Mr. Broderick are behind Mr. Bowler, the Hon. Nefertari Bethell and Miss Joan Verney in the cart from which they watched the New College and Magdalen point-to-point races on the damp and treacherous course at Faringdon

Mr. Cameron and Lady Jane FitzRoy

The Hon. W. Astor and Miss Mills

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

Queen Victoria Again: By A. G. Macdonell

It seems difficult to believe that there is anything more to be said about Queen Victoria, at any rate in the meantime, after the long succession of biographies and collections of letters and so on. But Miss Edith Sitwell has dauntlessly returned to the assault with *Victoria of England* (Faber and Faber; 15*s*.). It is not, as she explains in a preface, a full history of that famous reign so much as a series of portraits of the Queen and some of her contemporaries. Some of these portraits are full of a most violent, bitter invective. Lord Melbourne is the first important personage to get Miss Sitwell's lash, and it is laid on without stint. Melbourne was a typical product of the age. Suave, cultured, whimsical, charming, he was strongly in favour of the fourteen-hour day for children in the factories. He was a warm advocate of capital punishment for boys under fourteen, and it was he who insisted upon the monstrous sentences upon the Tolpuddle martyrs. Miss Sitwell forgets none of this, and she is not going to let anyone else forget it either. Then she attacks the hideous scandal of the opium-wars in China, which are one of the greatest blots on the British Empire, and then the housing conditions of the new industrial towns. She speaks of the occupational diseases, of the sweated labour, of the child-slavery, of the brutality of the overseers, of the starvation of the workers. It is a grim story. And all the while the riches of the country and the size of the Empire were increasing by leaps and bounds. For the rest, the old familiar figures are all here: Palmerston and Wellington, Gladstone and Disraeli, the Kaiser and King Leopold, and all the others. The old story takes on a new freshness in Miss Sitwell's hands.

It appears from the wrapper of his new detective-novel, that Nicholas Blake is the nom-de-plume of "probably the most important poet of the younger generation." His first book, *A Question of Proof*, made a considerable hit last year, and now his second one, *Thou Shell of Death*, has just appeared.

There are two points to be emphasised about it. The first is the brilliance of the character-drawing. Even without the statement on the wrapper, it might be guessed that a poet has been at work. There is no figure in the book, however subsidiary, who does not stand out clear and distinct, and the writing is polished and neat. The second thing to be said about it is, I am afraid, a complaint. It may be because a poet's mind is more subtle than the ordinary Grub Street hack's, or it may be that a poet is too far removed from the necessity of keeping in touch with the minds of dull pedestrians, but at any rate I found *Thou Shell of Death* very complicated towards the end. My brain positively reeled at the effort of sorting it all out, and I got a bit bored with the long discussions between the sleuths. But apart from those criticisms, there is no question at all that Mr. Nicholas Blake is a writer of wit and distinction. His book is published by Collins at 7*s*. 6*d*.

Authors at Cannes

Norman Davey and Michael Arlen are wintering at Cannes, and trying out new styles of waistcoats there, it appears. Michael Arlen has been lying low as far as literature is concerned since his "'Hell!' said the Duchess" two years ago

Mr. Cunninghame Graham is one of the great legendary figures of the age. Scholar, horseman, explorer, politician, linguist, writer, he is a regular Cyrano de Bergerac. Several years over the age of eighty, he can still, I am told, pick up a long Moorish rifle by the muzzle-end and hold it out at arm's length, and his magnificent head and straight figure are unmistakeable as he goes striding past. His new book of short stories and sketches is called *Mirages* (Heinemann; 7*s*. 6*d*.), and his heroes are drawn from the forgotten thousands who fought and dared as highly as Cæsar or Pizarro or Rhodes, but who never rose into fame and wealth. Every land is strewn with the bones of the lost pioneers, and every frontier has been the scene of heroism. It is of these that Mr. Cunninghame Graham writes, of Charlie the Gaucho, who once was a midshipman in the British Navy, and once a rich landowner in England, and once a London clubman and gambler, but who always came back to the plains and farms of Uruguay; of Seis Dedos, the man with six fingers; of young bull-fighters fighting for the first time in the ring at Caracas; of the two Englishmen on the frontier, Hawker and Ferguson, who were called Big Sword and Little Sword; and of other long-dead worthies. And over it all, Mr. Graham scatters his magic of words, and the stars shine on the pampas, and on the moving cattle, and the flights of birds, and the dust rising on far-off horizons. And at the end of it he writes, of his old companions of the great days, "Where they ride now is but a matter of conjecture; no one remembers them but I who write these lines, that I have written "in memoriam," hoping that some day they will allow an old companion to ride with them, no matter where they ride."

Among new novels this week is *Family Curse*, by John Hampson (Chapman and Hall; 7*s*. 6*d*.), in which the author is definitely trying to find a new way out of the old-fashioned way of telling a story. These experiments are seldom completely successful, but they have the great merit of being genuine and sincere attempts to make a new technique. Mr. Hampson's idea has been to create a dying matriarch, the widow of a prosperous middle-class baker in the Midlands, and then to despatch telegrams to the various members of the family summoning them to the bedside. As each one gets his or her telegram, the story is thrown back to their early memories of the old lady, and so the family life of the past forty or fifty years is built up gradually. It is an interesting idea.

Mrs. Pearl Buck's new novel about life in China is a brilliant study of a missionary and his neglect of his wife. He thinks so much about the souls of the heathen that he hardly notices that his wife is being destroyed by hardship and illness, and that four of her seven children have died. The book is called *The Exile*, and is published by Methuen, 7*s*. 6*d*.

Miss R. A. R. Wylie's latest is about the "class-war" in England and Russia. *Furious Young Man* (Cassell; 7*s*. 6*d*.), is well-written, but I must say I find it rather a dingy subject, and one that has been pretty extensively dealt with in recent years.

FELICITY and JOYCE

. . . and these are the frocks that Felicity's mother chose

FELICITY WRITES HOME

The School House,
— shire.

Darlings,

Only a few weeks now, and back again for the hols! Don't forget that Joyce is spending a week with me. The old School hasn't seemed the same at all since she left.

Now please darlings—this is serious. I want you to remember that I shall be 17 these hols, and that a girl can't face the world in a gym tunic!! so what ho! for some grown-up clothes! I leave all that to you, darling—and while you are at it look out one or two frocks for Joyce as well—she says her wardrobe is sadly diminished!

No time for more—I am writing this in prep. All my love, and don't forget Daddy—although Joyce is coming we'll still have our rounds of golf won't we—

Felicity

Felicity's Frocks

FROM ALL THE BEST SHOPS

DESIGNED BY MERCIA & CO. DESIGNERS OF MODEL GOWNS AND SPORTS-WEAR TO THE EXCLUSIVE DRESS HOUSES OF THE WORLD.

MERCIA & CO. (H. & M. SCOTT LTD.), 75-78 WELLS STREET, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.1. TELEPHONE: MUSEUM 7469-73

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

Great Holes at Worlington

THE entry list for the BYSTANDER £500 Golf Trophy Meeting, to be played at Felixstowe on March 21st and 22nd, is now full, but if anyone desires to play, he can go on the waiting list, and has a good chance of getting a place, as there are sure to be scratchings later on, and probably some even at the last moment.

The running of teams at any game is always a difficult matter, and the captain very seldom takes on the field the team which was originally selected. Someone nearly always telegraphs or telephones at the last moment to say that he cannot play owing to illness, injury, business, or even on occasions, forgetfulness.

THE man who gets up the team of the Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Society to play against Cambridge University on the course of the Royal Worlington and Newmarket Golf Club at Worlington is indeed fortunate, as, although the match is usually played with about sixteen players a side, he never has any difficulty in collecting a team. On the other hand, his difficulty is to refuse all those who are anxious to play, and for whom there is no room. The cause of this is that all the old Cambridge players are very keen to play again at Worlington, which, for some unknown reason is usually called Mildenhall, on the course which they all love, and the old Oxford players want to see this course about which they have heard and read so much.

The old Oxford players on their first visit are usually disappointed. When a knowledgeable golfer visits a great course for the first time, he is nearly always disappointed, and it is only after he has played on it several times that he gets to realise how good it is.

Many of the golfers who are the greatest admirers of the old course at St. Andrews, and of the links at Hoylake, were extremely disappointed when they first played over these courses.

The Cambridge University Golf Team is certainly extremely lucky to have such a fine course as Mildenhall to play on and to practise on, and in this respect has a great advantage over their friends at Oxford.

MILDENHALL is the nearest approach to seaside golf that I know of inland. It is possible to play run-up shots with a reasonable chance of the ball running truly, and the greens are always fast, often slippery, and give little grip to the ball when either pitched or putted. The man who is putting well at Mildenhall has a great advantage, and it is difficult to think of any other greens of which you can say "It's in" sooner. Practically as soon as the ball is struck you know where it will finish.

On the other hand, there are no greens so difficult to the man who is not quite striking his putts, and once confidence is lost on these greens, it is never or very seldom regained.

The 5th hole is nearly the best short hole in the world on either inland courses or seaside links, and only the perfectly struck shot has any hope of leaving the ball on the green; the 90 per cent. good shot which is usually good enough to get a 3 at the majority of short holes, is no good at all at the 5th at Mildenhall. This hole measures 152 yards, and has not a single bunker on it, and possesses only one hazard, a stream well to the right.

MILDENHALL not only possesses the soil and turf of a seaside links, but also the weather. It can be colder there than at most places, and it can blow just as hard as at Hoylake or Sandwich. I have known players who have gone a long way in an Amateur Championship take a full shot with a spoon at this hole, while in other conditions it can be easily reached with a mashie-niblick. This hole has a big hollow to the left of the green, and a steep slope on the right, and as the green is narrow, it is quite easy to play from one side to the other and back again.

If you watch a team match between sides of good players, you will, with absolute certainty see this hole won in 4 during the day. When there is no wind, the stream on the right looks completely out of play, but when the wind blows from left to right, the shots which are hit near the heel or too high float away serenely into it with the utmost regularity.

IF you read articles about golf-course architecture, you will read about what some people refer to as bad length holes. These authors appear to imagine that it is not possible to produce a good hole of lengths between about 250 and 300 yards.

If they visit Mildenhall they would soon realise that a magnificent hole can be produced which measures only 300 yards, and which on occasions can be driven. Really, the lengths of holes has nothing whatever to do with their merits. It is possible to construct good holes of any lengths you desire, and also bad ones of the same lengths.

THE 9th hole at Mildenhall measures 300 yards, and is dog-legged to the right. To place the tee shot in a position from which an easy second shot can be played it is necessary to drive over the corner of a chicken-run which is "out of bounds." If the tee shot is sliced to the least degree or hit near the heel, it will finish either "out of bounds" (penalty, very wisely, loss of distance only), or in a ditch along the boundary fence.

If you funk the carry over the chicken-run, and decide to play the tee-shot safe to the left, you will finish in long grass, where you may very possibly get a good lie, but the shot you are now faced with is nearly impossible, as you have to carry a bunker on the left entrance to the green, and stop on a slippery surface. Only a super shot, well treated, has any hope of staying on this green which is nearly always fast and slippery, and consequently it is difficult to get stone dead from even 6 yards, although the putting is absolutely fair.

The Cambridge University Golf Team is certainly fortunate to have such a course on which to practise.

Oxford's Match at the Old Deer Park

Anthony Duncan, C. F. Grieve, Sidney Fry, J. H. Taylor, S. I. Fripp, and J. R. Murie were all at Richmond for the O.U. match against Royal Mid-Surrey. Although Fripp and Murie beat Duncan and Grieve, the University won the day by ten matches to seven

The Middlesex Alliance Meeting at Sudbury

Charles Whitcombe and his amateur partner, W. E. Chamberlain (Crews Hill), won the Middlesex Alliance 36 holes stroke competition with a total of 146. Whitcombe is captain of the British Ryder Cup Team

J. S. Greenshields is the hon. sec. of the Middlesex Alliance, and Capt. Taylor is secretary to the Sudbury Club, where the greensome competition was played. Thirteen couples, including three from Sudbury, took part in the match

"BYSTANDER" £500 GOLF TROPHY, FELIXSTOWE, MARCH 21 and 22.

The Entry List is now full.
A waiting list has been formed to which additional names will be added.

"Distinguished by the ease with which it can be digested and absorbed."

"Benger's Food has *by its excellence* established a reputation of its own."
The "British Medical Journal."

Benger's Food gives complete nourishment in illness, and in all cases where digestion is weakly or inadequate. A cupful of Benger's Food is a delicious and comforting light meal. It may be freely given as a supplementary Food to backward and ailing children, Nursing Mothers and Infants who do not thrive. Aged people find Benger's an appetising and satisfying Food for everyday use.

Benger's Food should not be confused with beverage preparations, from which it is entirely distinct. Benger's Food contains the elements of natural digestion, which convert the Food, and the fresh milk with which it is prepared, into a delicious food cream ready for immediate absorption. Send postcard for a complete description of the Benger self-digestive process post free from Benger's Food, Ltd., Otter Works, Manchester.

BENGER'S Food
TRADE MARK.

Benger's Food is sold in tins by Chemists, etc., everywhere. Prices — 1/4, 2/3, 4/- and 8/6
NEW YORK (U.S.A.): 41, Maiden Lane. SYDNEY (N.S.W.): 350, George Street. CAPE TOWN (S.A.): P.O. Box 732

Women's Golf:

"Hush-Hush!" and W.A.S.A.: By Eleanor E. Helme

DEAR BYSTANDER—

AM I a very peculiar pressman? It seems that all my confrères—and I suppose I should say "con-sœurs," too—have risen in wrath at what they consider the "hush-hush" policy of the L.G.U. It is no secret that trials are being held at Gleneagles this month in connection with the match against U.S.A., and the chairman of the Executive has sent out a circular to the Press, asking that reports of the play may be such as "will not influence the minds of any of the committee responsible for the selection of the team." Personally, I can see nothing in that notice except an appeal to the sporting spirit which even a journalist does possess and tries to cultivate. I most heartily agree with the sentiments expressed in an earlier part of the circular, namely, "the selection committee feel that the difficult task of choosing a team capable of winning the Cup would be made easier by the complete absence of criticism or suggestion." That seems to me to be a plain statement of incontrovertible fact, and that any wire-pulling by anybody outside the selection committee is entirely contrary to the interests of the team, or its chances of winning.

I THINK it is rather absurd if the names of the players taking part in the trials are not announced, and I am wondering whether one will be offending if one infers, for example, that the absence of Mrs. Garon, or Miss Pam Barton, or Miss Wade, for instance, from county matches and Northern Foursomes is caused by the frying of International trial fish at Gleneagles, or will everybody in international interests play during the week, wherever they may be, under the cloak of Anon? No; in theory I think the L.G.U. are right, though I will own that there would be difficulties in reporting even a trial match if one were debarred from saying that one player played better than another. Refuge might be taken in the strictest of facts, the minimum of adjectives, yet what could be more damning than plain unvarnished truth?

Undoubtedly it is difficult, and I thank my stars that I shall be at Seacroft, and not at Gleneagles.

THIS "hush-hush" business was the chief topic at the first big meeting of the year, the W.A.S.A. one at Royal Mid-Surrey, organised by *Fairway and Hazard*. Opinion seemed to be pretty strong that the L.G.U. had made a blunder, that if the selection committee weren't strong enough to stick to their own judgment and choice, without listening to comments of the Press, the more weak they; and that, anyway, what the Press said really mattered not a jot.

I suppose I ought to have been offended at that view of it, but I simply cannot be. The Press, to my mind, exists to watch what happens, either on the course or in the council chamber, and to tell the truth about it to anybody who is interested. Yet, having written that priggish platitude, I realise that isn't the truth, at least so far as I am concerned. Try as you may to be completely unbiassed and even non-committal, it 's beyond the bounds of possibility never to take sides over anything, never to have a tilt at what seems like injustice, never a quiet laugh up the sleeve at some absurdity

Yes, yes; the L.G.U. were right in requesting us not to try and teach the selection committee their business; I know the temptation would be irresistible. I for one bear them no ill will for the ban—though, of course, it would not matter in the least if I did: I must remember that it really doesn't matter in the least what the Pre s says, or my hours at Mid-Surrey will have been spent in vain.

FROM the playing point of view, it was a disappointing day; a nasty damp fog, which made the course very different from the lovely dry place it had been two days earlier, disguised distances most effectively; a chilly breeze numbed players without blowing the fog away, and everybody was woefully out of practice after a winter of the worst weather any golfer could recall.

Most people putted badly going out, and only pulled themselves together when it was too late. Mrs. John Beck, though, turned over such a very new leaf when she did turn, that it brought her back in 38, and so, at 80, gave her a tie for the scratch prize with Miss Mervyn Barton, and, what was more, a win of the tie, for Miss Barton had a nasty contretemps at the last hole. Mrs. M. L. Clarke was 81, with only one mistake through the green, but a multitude on them; Miss Rieben, Miss Barbara Daniell, Miss Uhthoff, and other distinguished people were likewise astray. But no doubt they learnt a lot, and will profit by it on April 21st, in BYSTANDER One-Day Spring Medal Foursomes. (Entries for that, by the way, open next week.) Miss Barton headed the handicap list in the Silver Division for a long time with 76 net; then, late in the day, Mrs. Pritt, from Sundridge, put in a winning 87—14=73, though even that was two above par.

IN the Bronze Division, there was a tie for first place between Miss J. Coates and Mrs. Bartlett at 78 net, but the tie went to Mrs. Bartlett, who already held the Sir Herbert Austin trophy, and so she took it back with her to Wentworth. A Wimbledon pair, Mrs. Shiel and Mrs. Holloway, carried off the foursomes with all square.

A very pleasant meeting, of course. The W.A.S.A.'s are never anything else with Miss H. V. Smith and her helpers and Mrs. Goold.

Yours ever,

ELEANOR E. HELME.

Mrs. Harrison and Mrs. Taylor

Mrs. Gordon Harrison, of Woodhall Spa, was with Mrs. Arthur Taylor at Seacroft venue for the Northern Foursomes. Mrs. Taylor is a leading member at Seacroft

Mrs. Crews beat Miss Patty Berg

Mrs. Maureen Crews, the veteran Palm Beach golfer, is shaking hands with Patty Berg after she had beaten her at the Palm Beach course. Miss Berg reached the final of the U.S. Women's Championship last year after only three years' experience of golf and now is to play in the American women's team against England for the Curtis Cup

TAILORING *of* CHARACTER *and* QUALITY

A
Smart and
Inexpensive
Spring
Coat...
by Debenhams

...

Perfectly Tailored in a Flannel Suiting ...

Colours:
Grey, black, nigger, navy and beige.
Lined throughout

Gns. 6½

New Catalogue of Coats post free on request

Debenham&Freebody

WIGMORE STREET,
W.1.

Debenhams Ltd.

Golf Clubs at Home

Moor Park Club, Rickmansworth

A View of the Club-house

(1) F. A. M. Vincent (chairman of committee), Vernon Hall (captain), and A. L. Lovelock (secretary). (2) E. D. Kidd (asst. secretary) and Alec Herd (professional). (3) L. G. Lambourne (committee member), and Peter Metcalfe (ex-captain and committee). (4) J. F. Eales and W. N. C. Wilson (committee members). (5) F. H. Hayward (committee member) and B. W. F. Goodrich. (6) L. G. Whyte and Gerald Quinn. (7) Dr. Neal and W. R. P. Gronour

WE SAY—

SEAGERS GIN

IS A GRAND GIN

drink it and know it

THE SPIRIT OF TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW

THE HOUSE OF SEAGER ESTABLISHED 1805

DISTILLERS OF FINE GIN FOR OVER 130 YEARS

WET WEATHER GOLF WEAR

A 61.

Double texture poplin GOLF JACKET with raglan sleeves. *Navy, Green, Brown & Beige. Sizes: 34 to 42* 39/6

Blouse style in the same poplin . . . 37/6

Double texture TROUSERS to match. *Waist sizes: 26, 28, 30, 32* . . 45/-

A 62.

Man tailored TROUSERS in *navy* or *grey* worsted flannel. *Waist sizes: 24 to 32* 37/6

Woollen WINDCHEATER slightly proofed, with fleece lining, ribbed collar, cuffs and welt. *Various colours. In 4 sizes* 10/6

Lillywhites LTD OF Piccadilly Circus

An Air Ticket to View the World: By Charles Ward

Flight-Lt. "Dasher" Blake, test pilot at Brough, with two members of the Portuguese Naval Mission, prior to a demonstration of the "Shark" seaplane, six of which have been bought by Portugal

On Keeping in Touch

All journalists are supposed to be in touch with their subject, and aviation correspondents especially are expected to be encyclopædic in their knowledge of the air, its technics and politics. Keeping in touch is interpreted variously—there are occasions when personal experience of an aeroplane or an air route is essential—it has to be seen to be described—the feel of the controls or the comfort of the arm-chairs has to be tested before comparisons can be made. On the other hand, judicious exercise of the senses of taste and hearing whilst standing in the club bar is a method of keeping in touch. Yet another source of copy is a visit to the works, particularly when accompanied by a lot of other journalists, who invariably oblige by swopping scoops so that everyone's fund of general knowledge is improved. It was on an occasion of this kind that I visited Short Brothers at Rochester, travelling down as a guest of Imperial Airways. The objective was an inspection of the Empire Flying Boat, a "mock-up" of which had been prepared in detail so that its appointments and appurtenances could be studied at leisure. It is a tremendous advance on anything yet attempted over here. Three decks are incorporated: the upper storey for pilots, crew and mails—the lower for twenty-four seated passengers by day and sixteen in bunks at night, plus a promenade deck or rubber-neck platform. The cabin for'ard is intended or smokers and could, therefore, be described as the fuggery. It is so placed, instead of aft as the uninitiated might expect, because the air and, therefore, the smell inside an aircraft travels forwards. The main reason for prohibiting smokes in present Imperial aircraft is not on account of fire danger, but for the reason that the smell of tobacco smoke makes a lot of people ill.

The whole conception of this new boat is on a grand scale, with lofty cabins and real comfort by day and by night for long non-stop journeys. Short Brothers are building twenty-nine of them, the last being due for delivery at the end of next year. The first one should be flying in May, and seven others are on the stocks, side-by-side, making the factory look like a shipyard. The Mayo Composite is also taking shape—a daring experiment that may place us well ahead in the race for trans-Atlantic air traffic. Before its tests are completed the latest Zeppelin will have flown to New York and competition will have started. Some years must pass before the traveller can buy an air ticket for the round trip around the world, but our latest flying boats carry the project of an all-red route one stage nearer fulfilment.

With the "Sharks" at Brough

Blackburns are unique in having their aerodrome, a seaplane base and a factory side by side, a facility which accounts for the all-round efficiency to be observed at Brough. At the present time the shops are full of "Sharks," the name given by the Air Ministry to the T.S.R. produced last year and being built in quantity for the Fleet Air Arm. Six "Sharks" have been sold to the Portuguese Navy, and it was on the occasion of acceptance trials for Portugal that I re-visited Brough on the Humber. As a seaplane, the "Shark" with a Siddeley "Tiger" engine of 700 h.p. has a high performance, carrying guns, bombs, wireless and a crew of three at a top speed of 150 miles an hour. Its manœuvrability, as demonstrated so skilfully by Sq.-Ldr. Bennett Baggs, is not at all impaired by its sea-boots. These floats are of special Blackburn design with pneumatic water rudders. The Brough School, which has been a Reserve training centre for many years, was fairly buzzing with activity. The B.2. Trainer is also used at Hanworth, which is the Blackburn School for the London district.

"Sharks" at Brough. Acceptance trials took place at the Blackburn Works last week of six "Shark" seaplanes for the Portuguese Navy. These aircraft will be used for reconnaissance. They are armed with the latest type machine-guns and are fitted, of course, with wireless

At Random

Amongst lighter events, there has been the happy occasion of a dinner in honour of Mr. C. P. Robertson, head of the Press Section at the Air Ministry, given by London air correspondents, at the Café Royal. The Secret List was suspended for the evening and many good stories were told. "Robbie" was in excellent form and gave an interesting account of the Air Ministry's relations with the Press, over which he presides with such tact and skill. Brooklands has a landing competition in progress this month, and those who fancy their chances should notify the secretary. Tests can be made on any Saturday or Sunday, and at the end of the month the three highest scorers will compete in a final. The Air Ministry has issued the usual instructions to pilots that when motor races are taking place on the track, landings must not be made at Brooklands without first obtaining permission in writing from the aerodrome manager. Further, as low flying is a source of danger to drivers, pilots flying over Brooklands should avoid coming below 2000 feet whilst racing is in progress.

JACK BARCLAY LTD

OFFICIALLY APPOINTED ROLLS-ROYCE & BENTLEY RETAILERS

Barclay-Designed Coachwork gives your Rolls-Royce or Bentley Car that Exclusive Personality so important to the Discriminating Owner. We make a study of your Individual Requirements

12-13 GEORGE STREET · HANOVER SQUARE · LONDON W1
(Opposite St. George's Church)

TELEPHONE MAYFAIR 7444 (20 LINES)

Thinking of Spring

News About Shoes

EVERY day women are realising more and more the importance of well-fitting shoes, and simple classic styles, which nevertheless demand highly skilled labour, are being worn. There is a noticeable change in heels which are considerably lower for town and evening wear, and almost flat for sports and walking. Toes also are square and afford greater freedom. Antelope, suède, and glacé kid, either singly or combined, make smart Court shoes, while stitching, punching, and pleating are introduced for decorative purposes. A study in contrasts is shown on the right. The first of these, starting from the left, is carried out in reptile skin, the second in suède, and the third in antelope and suède. All three have moderate heels and short vamps which is flattering to large feet. For evening there is a marked preference for sandals, which are both cool and comfortable.

Spring Fashions

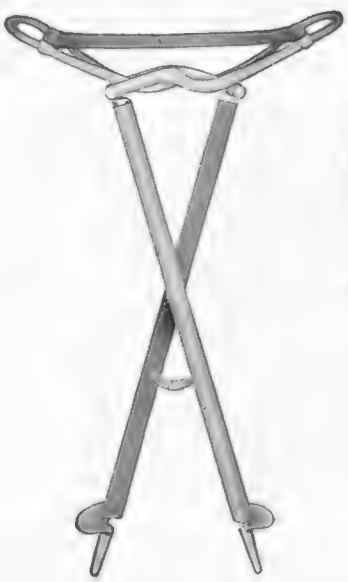
AN extremely interesting fashion parade which met with great applause was recently held by Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street. Simple lines were stressed both for day and evening, though in the latter case a certain amount of Chinese embroidery and fancy pleating was introduced. Slim, straight skirts were shown for daytime with either three-quarter or wrist-length swing coats. Among the evening frocks presented was a striking model in parma violet satin cut on moulded lines, with a short train and hip-length cape with sunray pleated loops in front. The "pièce de résistance," however, lay in the truly lovely wedding frock of gardenia pink net, embroidered with satin motifs, and accompanied by two bridesmaids dressed in parma violet net.

The Lissom Lines of Youth

EVERY woman who wishes either to retain or regain her youthful figure will wear a Vassarette. This magic foundation garment has recently made its début in this country, and is creating widespread interest, since it introduces something quite new in the way of figure control. Though so soft and silk-like, it is nevertheless adapted to exert a measure of pressure where needed, and being controlled by retention threads, it has a limited stretching capacity. Another great point about the Vassarette is that it will not ride up, but affords perfect support and uplift. It is sold by all houses of prestige, and there are various styles to choose from, including the "All-in-One," combining brassière and belt. Should there be any difficulty, however, the name and address of the nearest agent will gladly be sent, on application to Vassar, 168, Regent Street.

By Appointment *Established 1750* By Appointment

SWAINE & ADENEY, Ltd.



No. 61046. **Pigskin Race Companion,** fitted with purse, betting book, puff pocket, etc., hand-painted in natural colours with horse's head.

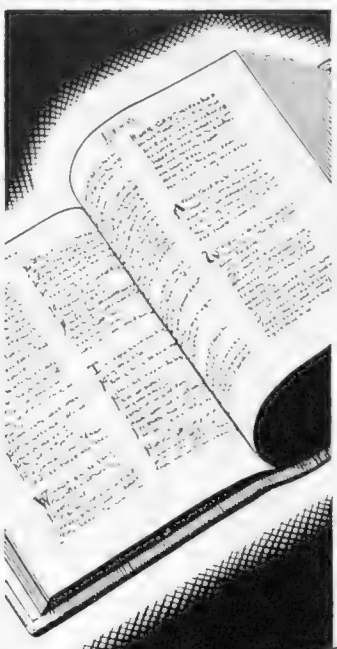
£3 . 10 . 0

No. 6560. **Sporting Seat-Stick,** duralumin throughout, hammock seat and legs covered pigskin, hinged ground plates £3 . 15 . 0

Postage and Packing Abroad 3s. 6d. extra. *Send for Illustrated Lists.*

185, PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1

TIME HAS MADE THEM BOTH UNIQUE!



Wherever enlightened whisky connoisseurs foregather, there you will find The "ANTIQUARY" delighting with its rich mellowness, its fine bouquet, savoured for the good health and good company it promotes. The "ANTIQUARY" is one of those rare old whiskies as perfect with water as it is with soda. Time has made it so.

Make it your home whisky.

THE DOMESDAY BOOK.

The first complete survey of England, carried out in 1085-1086 by order of William I. Removed from Winchester Abbey by Henry II. Now in Public Record Office, London.

The "Antiquary"

THE FIRST OLD LIQUEUR SCOTCH WHISKY

Supplied only in Quarts & Magnums. Sold everywhere at home and abroad. If any difficulty in obtaining supplies, write Sole Proprietors, J. & W. Hardie, Scotland.

MEMORABLE FEAT!

1620—The early Puritans show their endurance in long journeys.

1936—This resolute quality marks Puritan Soles to-day.

PURITAN LEATHER SOLES

For Longer Wear & Greater Comfort

Puritan Tanneries Ltd., Runcorn, Cheshire

CVS—107

SPORTING PRINTS

The value to-day of old sporting prints is a matter of common knowledge. He is a wise collector who takes the opportunity to acquire, before they are exhausted, copies of the limited editions of prints after LIONEL EDWARDS, GILBERT HOLIDAY, IVESTER LLOYD, FRANK H. MASON, and other famous sporting artists of the present day.

Prices from One Guinea

Particulars on application, but a personal visit is recommended.

THE SPORTING GALLERY,
7, Grafton St., Bond St., London, W.1.

HAIR LOSS and SCALP DISORDERS
consult
Mr. F. C. BOOTH
Qualified trichologist, highest degrees
CONSULTATION BY APPOINTMENT MAYFAIR 6047 — SHOP 6 GROSVENOR HOUSE PARK LANE, W.1

Ready Betty? So am I!

Supremely confident of my Mount and in Perfect Fitting Riding Kit supplied by the BEDFORD RIDING BREECHES CO., the people who do really know how to turn you out. Not expensive either, in fact ridiculously cheap compared with what other firms charge even for Ready-to-Wear Outfits.

Why not send for their Riding Booklet and Patterns stating your requirements, or better still—Call. You know the Marble Arch; only two minutes from there. Their expert staff will give you every possible assistance and advise you the best style and materials to suit your figure and pocket. They guarantee perfect fit and satisfaction.

Here are examples of their wonderful value:—

RIDING BREECHES or JODHPURS
Ladies' or Gents'
21/-, 25/-, 30/-, 35/-, 40/- to 60/-

RIDING JACKET & BREECHES
Ladies' or Gents'
84/-, 97/6, 107/6, 122/6

CHILDREN'S JACKET AND BREECHES
60/-, 65/-, 73/6, 82/6

CHILDREN'S READY-TO-WEAR JODHPURS or BREECHES
13/6, 15/6, 21/-

Bedford Riding Breeches Co (Dept. 21)
E. TURNER LTD.
19, NEW QUEBEC ST., LONDON, W.1
Two minutes walk from the Marble Arch

SMEE'S

Est. 1907. 'Phone: Mayfair 1543

Specialities
Costume or Coat
£6.6.0

The best value in London.

Largest selection to choose from.

Workmanship the highest.

Mr. SMEE personally cuts and fits each garment.

Special Mail Dept.

If unable to call send for our S.M. Form. Same attention and satisfaction as others.

A Riding Habit £9.9.0

ONLY ADDRESS:
55, SOUTH MOLTON ST., W.1.
First Floor

What's On

(Continued from page E)

CONCERTS

Orchestral

L.P.O.—The orchestra, with Clifford Curzon conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham, plays Haydn's Clock Symphony, the Freischütz Overture, and works by de Falla, Mackenzie and Delius: Queen's Hall, Thurs., 12th, 8.15.

L.S.O.—Issay Dobrowen conducts them in the Concerto Grosso in D minor (Handel) and Brahms's piano concerto in B flat; solo piano, Franciszek Goldenberg: Queen's Hall, Mon., 16th, 8.15.

DANCING AND DINING

CAFÉ DE PARIS.—Marion Harris is back in London with some fetching new songs; Jack Harris plays for dancing: extension. Wednesday.

DORCHESTER.—The Follies of 1936 include the Starlets, Florine McKinney, Naunton Wayne as compère, and two funny men; Jack Jackson's band: extension, Thursday

GROSVENOR HOUSE.—Mangan's all-American cabaret, with comedy numbers, as the show; Syd Lipton plays for dancing: extension, Thursday.

LANSDOWNE HOUSE.—There 's a good band (Brian Lawrence's), and you can dance in any clothes; no cabaret.

MAY FAIR.—The Western Brothers are here again. Meeres and Meade (from *Follow the Sun*) dance. Harry Roy's band plays: extension, Friday.

NEW CLARGES RESTAURANT.—Here you eat and talk—there 's no music or dancing; the food and wines are excellent.

ODDENINO'S.—Dancing and cabaret in the restaurant; beer and Bohemianism in the famous brasserie.

PRUNIER'S.—Fish-foods are the specialities, but you can eat what you please, and the wine list is also excellent; no music.

RITZ.—Café chantant is another word for good cabaret; Joe Kaye's band plays: extension, Wednesday.

SAN MARCO.—There 's no cabaret, but two excellent bands—Len Hay's and the Florida Night-Owls till 11, and then the Krakajax, with Judy Shirley; one must dress to dance: extension. Wednesday.

Famous for Fifty Years

Rendells

Approved by Doctors

FROM ALL CHEMISTS

"I used to be subject to very severe colds"

"I used to be subject to very severe colds, but since using Vapex I have always been able to check them . . ."
Lymington, Hants.

You too can be free from the misery of "one cold after another". Breathe Vapex from your handkerchief or pillow. It penetrates every recess of nose and throat: clears the head: relieves congestion: kills the germs: stops the trouble at its source.

VAPEX INHALANT

Of Chemists 2/- & 3/-

THOMAS KERFOOT & CO., LTD.

V 144

The "Bystander" Ladies' NORTHERN FOURSOMES (14th Year)

The "Bystander" Ladies' Northern Foursomes, 1936, will be held at Seacroft, Skegness, Lincolnshire, by kind invitation, March 31st to April 3rd. Also N.P.F.A. competition.

Holders: Miss Mary Johnson and Miss Barbara Lees.

HOTELS

The "Bystander" headquarters will be the Seacroft Hotel, Skegness.

Special Terms:

17s. 6d. each per day, inclusive, or 14s. without lunch and tea.

Other hotels: County Hotel, Crown Hotel, and Vine Hotel, all 14s. inclusive.

CONDITIONS

Joint handicaps for any couple limited to 30 L.G.U. Couples over the limit may compete on the limit. Handicap certificates to be shown before play, but the Bystander reserves the right to accept entries from visitors without L.G.U. handicaps.

Competitors may choose their own partners, and entries should be made in couples, stating handicaps, to reach Miss E. E. Helme, the Bystander Office, 32 – 34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, not later than Friday, March 13th.

In the event of any player's partner failing, she may substitute another up to the time of starting play if she notifies Miss Helme of the change.

Alteration of handicap should also be notified at once.

The Bystander reserves the right to close the entry list before March 13th should more than 128 couples enter, but will accept entries beyond 128 couples, and from these will fill any subsequent vacancies as far as possible.

Play under three-eighths of difference of combined handicaps, limited as above, in a knock-out match play tournament.

Halved matches to be played to a finish, strokes being taken at the same holes as in a complete round.

Challenge Cups (to be held for one year) and replicas will be given to the winners, and prizes to the runners-up and unsuccessful semi-finalists.

The Directors of the Bystander reserve to themselves the right to alter or amend any of these conditions, and the decision of the Golf Editor is final on all points.

"Bystander" Northern Foursomes N.P.F.A. Competition (5th Year)

Holder of Challenge Trophy: Mrs. Swinscoe.

In conjunction with the Bystander Northern Foursomes, a Score Competition, open only to entrants for the Foursomes, and those on the waiting-list, will be held, by the courtesy of the Club, at Seacroft during the Foursomes, for the Challenge Trophy kindly presented by Mrs. Dunlop Hill. Half-a-crown entrance for the first card, 1s. for each subsequent card. The whole of these fees will be sent to the N.P.F.A.; 25% to the Lincolnshire branch if the total exceeds £10.

The Trophy will be given for the best card, singles, 18 holes under handicap, returned by a competitor who has been beaten prior to the semi-finals, or who entered for the Foursomes and was put on the waiting-list. A scratch prize will also be given.

Competitors may take out and return as many cards as they wish from Tuesday, March 31st, to Friday, April 3rd, inclusive. Starting arrangements will be posted at the Club.

Play under certified L.G.U. handicaps. The first card taken out each day counts as an L.G.U. Open Meeting score for reduction of handicap, which will take effect for subsequent rounds, provided the competitor has not played over the course earlier in the day.

Ties to be decided on the last nine holes; further ties on the last six, last three, or as the Golf Editor and the Sec., Seacroft, may decide.

SEACROFT — NO ENTRANCE FEE

THE "BYSTANDER" LADIES' NORTHERN FOURSOMES (Fourteenth Year)

ENTRY FORM

To reach Miss E. E. Helme, the Bystander Office, 32 – 34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, not later than Friday, March 13th.

The "Bystander" Ladies' Northern Foursomes—Seacroft, on March 31st, 1936, and following days.

Please enter

Mrs. / *Miss* .....

of .....*Club, L.G.U. Handicap* .....

Home Address .....

Telephone number .....

To play in the above handicap foursomes with

Mrs. / *Miss* .....

of .....*Club L.G.U. Handicap* .....

Home Address .....

Telephone number .....

Please notify change of partner, handicap, or address, to Miss Helme, as above, or, after March 27th, to Seacroft Hotel, Skegness. Telegrams and Telephone: Helme, Skegness 52.

"Bystander" Women's Golf Competition

Fifteen spoons are awarded in each L.G.U. Handicap Division each winter month for the best net scores relative to the Scratch Scores of the courses played on. From April to September inclusive, thirty spoons are given in each division. Shortest handicaps win in the event of ties for last places.

One spoon is also given monthly for the best gross return of the month relative to the Scratch Score of the course, if such card does not win a spoon under handicap.

A Yearly Challenge Cup and memento will be awared to the player winning the greatest number of Bystander Spoons under handicap during the year, irrespective of which Division she is in.

Further particulars will be sent on application.

February Monthly Medal Results

Silver Division (Handicaps of 18 and under)

Name.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handicap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Mrs. E. Stacey ..	Royal Calcutta (New Course)	86	18	68	73	5 below
Mrs. C. P. Leonard ..	Royal Calcutta (New Course)	84	15	69	73	4 "
Mrs. A. Campbell ..	Childwall	81	9	72	72	All square
Miss Z. Bonner Davis	Sidcup	82	7	75	74	1 above
Mrs. W. J. Swannell..	Northampton	86	8	78	75	3 "
Miss Clarke	Yelverton	87	9	78	75	3 "
Miss M. Wall.. ..	Weston-super-Mare ..	81	4	77	73	4 "
Mrs. Heelis	Olton	90	12	78	74	4 "
Mrs. C. J. S. Garner..	Huyton	93	16	77	73	4 "
Mrs. Pritt	Sundridge Park ..	94	14	80	75	5 "
Mrs. Irving	Shirley Park	97	17	80	75	5 "
Mrs. C. A. Bell ..	Hillside	96	17	79	74	5 "
Mrs. Courtney ..	Shirley Park	90	15	81	75	6 "
Miss E. Berts ..	Exmouth	93	15	78	71	7 "
Miss D. Wooding ..	Kingsthorpe	90	8	82	74	8 "

Bronze Division (Handicaps of 19 and over)

Name.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handicap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Mrs. R. J. Mitchell ..	Stoneham	95	26	69	75	6 below
Mrs. E. H. Farmer ..	Royal Calcutta (New Course)	103	36	67	73	6 "
Miss Brooks	Birkdale	107	36	71	76	5 "
Mrs. E. A. Low ..	Coxmoor	99	31	68	72	4 "
Mrs. O'Rorke ..	North Hants	96	24	72	75	3 "
Mrs. Deterding ..	Northants County ..	95	19	76	78	2 "

Name.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handicap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Miss Nelson	North Hants	95	19	76	75	1 above
Mrs. Davies	North Hants	95	19	76	75	1 "
Miss O. Dunkley ..	Northampton	109	33	76	75	1 "
Miss Ellis	Shirley Park	96	19	77	75	2 "
Mrs. Roberts.. ..	Shirley Park	96	19	77	75	2 "
Miss J. Watson ..	Goodwood	100	26	74	72	2 "
Miss I. Bateman ..	Shirley Park	98	20	78	75	3 "
Miss U. Voyle ..	Goodwood	100	25	75	72	3 "
Mrs. Payne	Northampton	113	35	78	75	3 "

All entries for the Bystander *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* Bystander *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* Bystander, 32 – 34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON — MARCH

Name *Mrs.* / *Miss* .....

Address .....

.....

Printed in Great Britain by The Illustrated London News & Sketch, Ltd., Milford Lane, Strand, London, W.C.2, and Published Weekly by Illustrated Newspapers, Ltd., at 32 – 34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.—Wednesday, March 11, 1936. Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office.
American Agents: International News Company, New York. Sole Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Limited.

"Adila" A smartly cut Silk Two-piece with detachable cowl collar in contrasting colour to match the new sleeve trimming. In nigger / mustard, black / white, grey / navy. Other colours to order. Four stock sizes. Hips 38, 40, 42, 44 ins.

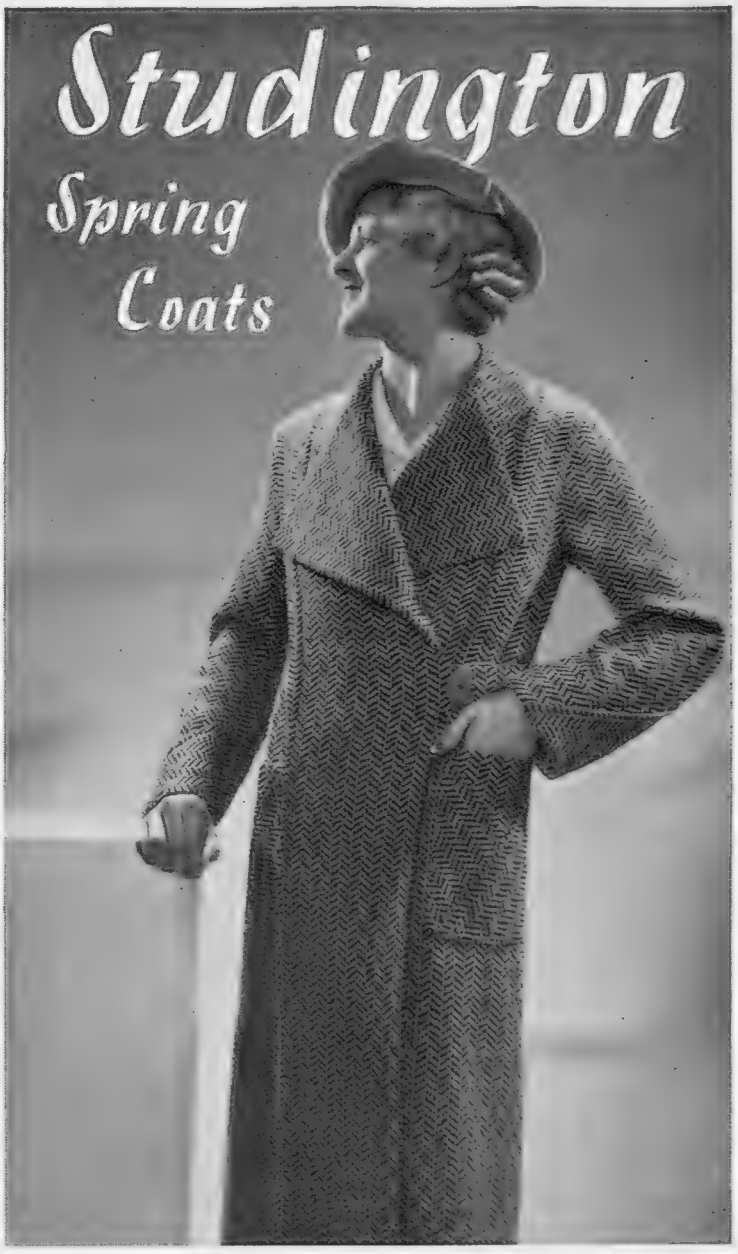
98/6

Stock Sizes, Second Floor

Swan & Edgar LTD

Piccadilly Circus W.1. *'Phone. Regent* 1616.

Studington Spring Coats



This delightful cloth will at once appeal to lovers of good tweeds. The coat is extremely attractive in design and well carried out. Man tailored, of course.

Patterns and new catalogue, post free, on request.

STUDD & MILLINGTON LTD

67-69, CHANCERY LANE, W.C.
51, CONDUIT STREET, W.1.
81, GRACECHURCH ST., E.C.3.
ABBEY HOUSE, VICTORIA ST., S.W.1.

Pintail

a very fine

SHERRY

DRY

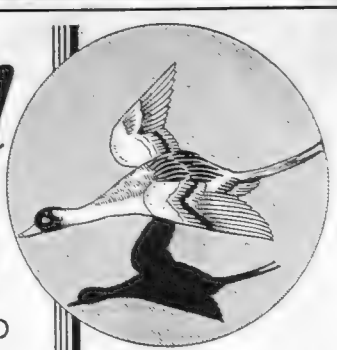
WIDELY APPRECIATED

72/- per doz. bottles

Sample bottle, post free **6/-**

If your merchant does not stock it, write direct to:

MATTHEW GLOAG & SON
PERTH . . . SCOTLAND



WHAT type of face is yours? Perhaps you do not know. You may think it is a certain type because your style of hairdressing disguises the real one. But have you ever experimented with other styles? If you have not, you should go to Emile's, and ask the hair artists there to evolve something new and different—something that will express the *real* you. The result will probably amaze you, and it won't cost you more than you would have to pay at the average high-class hairdressers'. Possibly less, because at Emile's you are attended to by the same hair expert from first to last. 'Phone to-day for an appointment.

EMILE LTD.

24-25, CONDUIT ST., LONDON, W.1

'Phone: Mayfair 6263 (3 lines). *'Grams: "Ondulateur, Piccy, London."*

Catalogues on Application.

'Phone: Regent 0189

WOODROW
46, Piccadilly, London, W.1.
LTD.

By Appointment

84B. "The Freta." Becoming Smart Country Hat in coarse shiny wheaten straw, trimmed dainty butterfly of silk velvet, **29/6**

The model is in lavender grey, with butterfly in deep amethyst, and can be supplied in all sizes in navy, brown, black, lido, filbert, amethyst, bottle green or natural cream, with velvet to match or contrast.

A Selection can be had on approval on receipt of London Trade Reference, or an amount on deposit.

From Liberty's
Coat
Department

Delightful Matron's Coat in Kenya red cloth, trimmed tucks. Sleeves and adaptable scarf collar bordered with broad bands of dyed ermine

16½ Gns.

Catalogue Post Free

LIBERTY & CO., LTD.
REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1
Telephone: Regent 1234.

Announcing THE VASSARETTE FOUNDATION GARMENT

sponsored by GOSSARD

Words or pictures cannot explain the VASSARETTE. You must slip inside it, sheath yourself in its silk-soft, skin-close envelope, before you can even begin to understand its gentle but irresistible moulding of the form. You have never known such uplift, such support, such persuasive pressure perfectly applied—and applied ONLY where it is most needed. The fastidious, figure-critical women of America are enraptured by it. As soon as she has seen it—certainly as soon as she has tried one on—every British woman will be equally enthusiastic. To retain or regain the lithe and lissom figure of youth you must wear a VASSARETTE

Model 210. All-in-One of the softest texture, but with the 'retention' which is a special VASSARETTE feature particularly emphasized. Waist-line is clearly defined; back is medium low. *Tea rose only* - - - 45/-

YOU MUST SEE YOUR OWN FIGURE IN A VASSARETTE

THE VASSAR COMPANY (WHOLESALE ONLY), 168 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1 C.F.H.1

NEW MODES IN JERSEY FABRIC

KNITWEAR DEPT. (GROUND FLOOR)

(Above)
A GRACEFUL TWO-PIECE SUIT with most becoming lines made in soft Jersey fabric, the bow and rever are of the new cloque material in a contrasting colour. Colours, purple / grey, black / white, navy / white, grey/mauve. Price **23 Gns.**

(Left)
AN EXQUISITELY TAILORED SUIT in a very new and unusual knitted Jersey suiting. In all the seasons' colours, navy, black, nigger, turquoise and dusty pink, beige, grey and purple. Price **10½ Gns.**

Made to measure 1 gn. extra

(Right)
DRESS IN SOFT JERSEY GEORGETTE FABRIC cleverly moulded to the figure in the front, the hip line being absolutely perfect; finished at neckline with original pearl brooch. In black, navy, duck-egg-blue and sapphire. Price **10½ Gns.**

Made to measure 1 gn. extra.

JAY'S Ltd
Regent Street, London. W.1

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

March 11—March 17

THEATRES

Comedy and Tragedy

ANTHONY AND ANNA.—St. John Ervine's play (produced by Irene Hentschel) continues to offer some of the best light comedy in town—Harold Warrender and Jessica Tandy well supported by Morris Harvey and Fabia Drake: Whitehall, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

CALL IT A DAY.—Dodie Smith's entertaining play deals with family life as lived in St. John's Wood; Fay Compton, Owen Nares, and his son, Geoffrey, are in the cast: Globe, 8.15. Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

CHILDREN TO BLESS YOU!—Mary Jerrold is the mother of a charming but unruly family in this domestic comedy; Irene Brown is an unpleasant aunt: Ambassadors, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

DISTINGUISHED GATHERING.—This play continues in its mystifying way; Frank Vosper heads the cast: Cambridge, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE DOG BENEATH THE SKIN.—Auden and Isherwood's piece about a pilgrim in modern Europe mixes farce and doggerel with satire and poetry. Capital fun if you take your brains with you: Westminster, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE DOMINANT SEX.—This domestic comedy of quarrels and making-up is amusingly apt—and runs and runs; Diana Churchill and Richard Bird are the young couple: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

DUSTY ERMINE.—A tangled skein of forgery and love with Leonora Corbett and Robert Atkins: Comedy, 8.30.

THE IBSEN CYCLE.—*A Doll's House, Rosmersholm, Hedda Gabler,* and *The Master Builder* repeat themselves in that order fortnightly, for three days each. Lopokova, Jean Forbes-Robertson and John Laurie play the leads: Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

LADY PRECIOUS STREAM.—A charming piece from the Chinese by S. I. Hsiung, played à la chinois. Esmé Percy and Viola Tree: Little, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MARY TUDOR.—Flora Robson as Mary of England, Joyce Bland as Elizabeth, Marius Goring as Philip of Spain: Playhouse, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

MURDER IN THE CATHEDRAL.—Robert Speaight in T. S. Eliot's play about Thomas à Becket: Mercury, 8.30 (not Monday). Fri., Sat., 2.30.

PRIDE AND PREJUDICE.—Helen Jerome's dramatised version of Jane Austen, with Celia Johnson as Elizabeth, Dorothy Hyson as Jane, and Leueen Macgrath as Lydia; décor by Rex Whistler: St. James's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

PROMISE.—Henri Bernstein's is a character play; Ralph Richardson, Madge Titheradge, Edna Best, and Ann Todd are the victims of a fate which is temperamental: Shaftesbury, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

RED NIGHT.—Robert Donat manages and leads in Lansdale Hodson's play about the Great War experiences of a young man: Queen's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ROMEO AND JULIET.—Proves that well-played Shakespeare is still good box-office. John Gielgud produced; he and Peggy Ashcroft are the star-crossed pair, Mercutio (Laurence Olivier) and the Nurse (Edith Evans) are unforgettable: New, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.15.

ST. HELENA.—Sherriff's and Miss de Casalis's play about Napoleon's last days, with Kenneth Kent in the name-part, continues yet further—till the 14th: Old Vic, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

TO-NIGHT AT 8.30.—Noel Coward's short plays vary nightly, and make the best light entertainment in town. The author and Gertrude Lawrence play the leads in them all: Phœnix, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

TOVARICH.—Still one of the best plays on, amusing and sometimes moving; Cedric Hardwicke and Eugénie Leontovich continue their grand acting: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

THE TWO MRS. CARROLLS.—This thriller returns to London with Leslie Banks and Elena Miramova in their old parts: Garrick, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

Singing and Dancing

AT THE SILVER SWAN.—Cheerful musical piece about the Australian 1870 goldfields, with chorus of bushrangers; Delysia and Steve Geray are in it: Palace, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

YOU want Best Seats
WE have them
KEITH PROWSE
Theatres, Cinemas, Cabarets, Sporting Events, etc.
159 NEW BOND ST., W.1 (REGent 6000), and Branches everywhere — see Telephone Directory

EUROPEAN SOIRÉE.—Fay Marbe (American) plays and sings most of the parts in this new revue: Duke of Yorks, 8.30.

FOLLOW THE SUN.—Cochran's 1936 revue is "first and last a spectacle"; décor by Ernst Stern, music by Arthur Schwartz, a ballet by Osbert Sitwell, Rumbaland, Muchachos, and Young Ladies are all parts of it: Adelphi, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

PLEASE, TEACHER!—Musical comedy with a girls'-school setting; Sepha Treble is a girl, Bobby Howes an intruding young man; and Vera Pearce and Bertha Belmore are in it: Hippodrome, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

REVUDEVILLE No. 73.—Gus Chevalier returns to the programme, well backed in humour by Hugh Rene. Scenes are set in Mars, Egypt, and Victorian England, and there is a pink and silver ballet: Windmill, 1.20—11.30, non-stop.

SEEING STARS.—A slim story sends Leslie Henson into numerous predicaments and the audience into fits of laughter. Fred Emney and Louise Browne enhance the merriment: Gaiety, 8.15. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

1066 AND ALL THAT.—Sellar and Yeatman's brilliant idea of burlesquing history continues to occupy a big cast and bigger audiences in this revue-history farce: Strand, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

TULIP TIME.—Last three days. George Gee, Greta Fayne, and Sydney Fairbrother in unsophisticated humour and colourful scenes: Alhambra, 6.15 and 9. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

TWENTY TO ONE.—Long odds, but they win in this musical sporting farce with Lupino Lane and Clifford Mollison: Coliseum, 6.15 and 9. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Mirth and Mystery

ESPIONAGE.—The spy-play at its most lurid. Marion Lorne makes the comedy (on the Orient Express) by getting mixed up in the spying and counter-spying: Apollo, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE MAN IN DRESS CLOTHES.—Sir Seymour Hicks revives the piece, and plays the part that he made famous. Margaretta Scott leads opposite him: Victoria Palace, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30

NIGHT MUST FALL.—Extraordinary character sketch of a cheerful young megalomaniac, written and acted by Emlyn Williams. Laughter, horrors and sympathy are well emphasised by Angela Baddeley and Dame May Whitty: Duchess, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

NO EXIT.—Robert Douglas in a doubtful thriller about murder for a bet and by a mistake: St. Martin's, 8.40 Tues., Fri., 2.30.

PETTICOAT FEVER.—This cheerful farce adheres to the three unities as well as giving Dennis King a relief from Labrador loneliness in the shape of Jill Esmond: Daly's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

STORM IN A TEACUP.—James Bridie transports Bruno Franck's *Sturm im Wasserglas* to a Scottish scene. Roger Livesey, Sara Allgood, and Ian McLean are fun in this comedy-satire: Haymarket, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THREE MEN ON A HORSE.—A great laugh from the U.S. in the shape of an old plot cleverly redone; Romney Brent and Bernard Nedell lead the all-American cast: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

First Nights

OPERA.—First performance by the Vic-Wells company of VERDI'S FALSTAFF; Sumner Austin produces and Warwick Braithwaite conducts: Sadler's Wells, to-night, 11th, 8.

THE TOWN TALKS.—Charlot's new revue is by Arthur Macrae; lyrics and music by Vivian Ellis; June and Arthur Riscoe are the stars: Vaudeville, to-night, 11th, 8.

THE MASTER BUILDER.—Last arc of the Ibsen cycle, with Lopokova, John Laurie, and Clarke-Smith: Criterion, Thurs., 12th, 8.30.

A WINTER'S TALE.—The Vic returns to its maestro with this comedy—long postponed: Old Vic, Tues., 17th.

CINEMAS

BONNE CHANCE.—Sacha Guitry wrote and directed this film in which he and Jacqueline Delubac take an unofficial honeymoon on the winnings of a lottery: Curzon.

BROADWAY MELODY OF 1936.—A lavish musical spectacle with Jack Benny and Eleanor Powell: Dominion.

CAPTAIN BLOOD.—Last three days of Errol Flynn as Sabatini's gentleman pirate in Jamaica: New Gallery.

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT.—French film of Dostoyevsky's novel, Pierre Blanchar as Raskolnikov: Chenal directed: Academy.

JACK OF ALL TRADES.—The new Hulbert film with Robertson Hare and Gina Malo. Jack carries off improbabilities and impossibilities in high finance: Marble Arch Pavilion.

THE MILKY WAY.—Harold Lloyd is a milkman in his new farce, and Adolphe Menjou trains him as a boxer: Carlton.

MODERN TIMES.—Charlie Chaplin's new comedy-tragedy satire on these industrial days draws crowds to see him and Paulette Goddard at the Tivoli.

A NIGHT AT THE OPERA.—The four Marx Bros. pop up in a slapstick piece of their own peculiar genre: Empire.

PROGRESS.—A film of the laboratory world, also other non-fiction items, travel, magazine and news: Tatler.

RHODES OF AFRICA.—Gala première on Monday of this film about the great patriot, played by Walter Huston: New Gallery.

SHE SHALL HAVE MUSIC.—Jack Hylton and his band are the stars of this (musical, of course) film, as well as June Clyde: Regal.

SOAK THE RICH.—Pretty little Mary Taylor in a story of political feuds on the campus, with Walter Conolly and John Howard: Plaza.

STRIKE ME PINK!—Eddie Cantor's new film, with Sally Eilers and, of course, the Goldwyn Girls: London Pavilion.

THINGS TO COME.—H. G. Wells supervised the making of this spectacular film from his book, *Shape of Things to Come.* Ralph Richardson, Raymond Massey, Margaretta Scott, and Ann Todd are in it: Leicester Square.

OPERA

SADLER'S WELLS:
FALSTAFF.—(See under First Nights.)
MADAM BUTTERFLY.—Thurs., 12th, 8.
DIE FLEDERMAUS.—Fri., 13th 8.
FALSTAFF.—Sat., 14th, 8.

BALLET

SADLER'S WELLS:
FÊTE POLONAISE, APPARITIONS, LES RENDEZVOUS: Sat., 14th, 2.30.
LES SYLPHIDES, BAISER DE LA FÉE, THE RAKE'S PROGRESS: Tues., 17th, 8.30.

EXHIBITIONS

GAINSBOROUGH EXHIBITION.—A loan show of drawings and paintings by the great Englishman in aid of the Royal Northern Hospital: 45, Park Lane, 11—7.

THE NUDE IN CONTEMPORARY BRITISH AND FRENCH ART.—Philpot, de Glehn, Nevinson, etc.: Leger Galleries.

ARTHUR WATTS MEMORIAL EXHIBITION.—Portraits, Landscapes, Sketches: 148, New Bond Street.

CONCERTS

Recitals

JENNY SONNENBERG.—A song recital, assisted by William Primrose (viola); Ivor Newton at the piano: Æolian Hall, to-night, 11th, 8.30.

RUDOLF SERKIN.—The pianist's programme includes works by Bach, Beethoven, Brahms, and Chopin: Wigmore Hall, to-night, 11th, 8.30.

GABOR REJTÖ.—A 'cello recital at the Grotrian Hall, Thurs., 12th, 8.30.

ALAN CRACROFT.—A recital of songs, assisted by Anthony Bernard: Æolian Hall, Fri., 13th, 8.45.

ROTH QUARTET.—Feri Roth, Ferenc Molnar, Jeno Antal, and Janos Scholz are the four: Wigmore Hall, Sat., 14th, 3.

FERNANDA GERMANI.—An organ recital at the Royal Albert Hall, Sunday, 15th, 3.

(*Continued on page* ix)

AND we have the Best Show
REVUDEVILLE
at the
WINDMILL
PICCADILLY CIRCUS

• GETTING MARRIED :

The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Peter North

Louise Domville

Is the younger daughter of the late Sir James Domville, Bart., and Lady Domville, of 38, South Eaton Place, S.W.1; she is engaged to Leslie Alexander Mackay, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Mackay, of 49, Lowndes Square, S.W.1

Kay Vaughan

Merial Dalrymple-White

Merial Dalrymple-White is the daughter of Lieut.-Colonel Sir Godfrey and the Hon. Lady Dalrymple-White, of 95, Eaton Square, S.W.1; she has become engaged to William Reeve, only son of Captain John Reeve, of Leadenham House, Lincs.

Bassano

Helen Trefusis

Is engaged to Simon Whitbread, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Whitbread, of Southill, Biggleswade, Bedfordshire; she is the only child of the Hon. Robert and Mrs. Trefusis, of Colcherne Court, S.W.5

Peter North

Barbara Gooch

Barbara Alexandra Gooch is the elder daughter of Sir Thomas and the late Lady Gooch, of Benacre Hall, Suffolk; she is engaged to Raymond John Crisp, son of the late J. R. Crisp and Mrs. Crisp, of Kirby Cane Hall, Norfolk

Bassano

Anne Scratchley

Is engaged to Richard Graham, son of the late Stuart Graham and Mrs. Graham, of Carlyle House, Church Street, Chelsea; she is the daughter of Lieut.-Col. V. Scratchley, D.S.O., and Mrs. Scratchley, of West Newton, King's Lynn

Lafayette

Auriol Harbord

Auriol Mary Harbord, only daughter of Brig.-General and Mrs. Harbord, of 114, Queen's Gate, S.W., is engaged to John Morant, only son of the late E. J. Morant and Lady Kathleen Hare, of Brockenhurst Park, Hants

Lenare

Iris Wilson

Has announced her engagement to David L. Rhys, elder son of Colonel and Mrs. Owen Rhys, of 23, Park Place, Cardiff; she is the elder daughter of Com. and Mrs. Alec Wilson, of Garth House, Builth, Brecon

Bassano

Brenda Hibbert

Is the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hibbert, of Forest House, Bartley, Southampton; she is engaged to N. Seaton Stedham, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Seaton Stedham, of Sandle Heath, Fordingbridge

Bassano

Petronilla Dunsterville

Is the only daughter of the late Graham Dunsterville and Mrs. Dunsterville, of Manor House, Halse, Taunton; she is engaged to Nicholas Clive-Ponsonby-Fane, son of the late Captain Clive and Mrs. Clive, of Brympton D'Evercy, Yeovil

Kay Vaughan

Betty Karklinnis

Announces her engagement to Robert Laidlaw-Smith, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Laidlaw-Smith, of Oakwood Court, Kensington; she is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Karklinnis, of Dancecroft, Raleigh Close, Hendon

Lenare

Dorothy Phillips

Dorothy Gwendolen Phillips, daughter of Mr. Robert Phillips, of White House, Burgess Hill, Sussex, has announced her engagement to George Dennison-Smith, son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Dennison-Smith, of 19, Seafield Road, Bournemouth

Ashton — Wolf

Dr. Eric Ashton, son of Mr. and Mrs. Vivian Ashton, of Cioleveen, Athlone, and Dr. Sylvia Wolf, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Wolf, of Hove, Sussex, were married at St. Clement Dane's, Strand

Webster — Russell

Richard Webster, son of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Webster, of Old Manor, Little Berkhamsted, Herts., and Clare Margaret Russell, daughter of Sir John and Lady Russell, of the Director's House, Rothamsted Station, Herts., were married at Harpenden Church

Grotrian — Eltinger

Aileen Georgina Eltinger, daughter of Mrs. Eltinger, of 9, Channel View, Bexhill-on-Sea, was married at Chelsea Old Church, to Charles Herbert Brent Grotrian, eldest son of Sir Herbert and Lady Grotrian, of Knolls, Leighton Buzzard

Fayer of Vienna

Burke — Norman

At St. John's, Smith Square, Aubrey Francis Burke, only son of the late Andrew Burke and Mrs. Burke, of Ashfield House, Holme, Yorks., married Rosalind Norman, only daughter of the Rt. Hon. Sir Henry and the Hon. Lady Norman, of the Corner House, Cowley Street, S.W.

Colmore — Peech

Mary Peech, daughter of the late Percy Peech and Mrs. Peech, of 15, Pond Place, Chelsea, were married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, to Anthony Colmore, only son of Mr. C. Bagot Colmore, of the White House, Bevere, Worcs.

"Bystander" £500 Golf Trophy

Week-End Amateur Tournament for Men

The Fourth Annual Open Amateur Tournament under handicap, for the "Bystander" £500 Trophy and other prizes, will be played at

FELIXSTOWE

on March 21st and 22nd, 1936

(Headquarters: The Felix Hotel)

The "Bystander" £500 Golf Trophy

Holder: M. R. Gardner (Parkstone)

• Conditions

Play will be for the BYSTANDER £500 Trophy and other prizes.

Every competitor will play a medal round on Saturday morning, March 21st.

When cards have been returned the competitors will be divided into sections of eight players each.

The best two returns from the first quarter of the draw, the best two returns from the second quarter of the draw, and the best four returns from the bottom half of the draw will constitute the Trophy eight, and the players returning these cards will compete for the Trophy by match play under handicap.

The first rounds will be played on the Saturday afternoon and the semi-finals and finals on the Sunday.

The remaining eights will be constituted and play in a similar manner to the Trophy eight.

Ties will be decided on the last nine holes, and if there is still a tie the eighteenth hole shall decide; and failing that, the seventeenth, sixteenth, etc.

Every competitor must qualify in some section or other, and is assured of a full day's play on the Saturday. Moreover, half the original entry will be engaged in the competition proper on the Sunday, and there will be a Bogey Competition for those who have been defeated on the Saturday.

A copy of the draw for the medal round on Saturday, March 21st, will be posted to each competitor on March 14th.

All disputes will be decided by the Committee in charge of the competition, and its decision shall be final.

Rule 35 of the Rules of Golf does not apply to this competition.

• Railway and Hotel Arrangements for the Week-End

The L.N.E.R. will issue to competitors staying at the Felix Hotel combined rail and hotel week-end tickets (Friday to Monday) by any train from Liverpool Street, and also from Bishop's Stortford, Bury St. Edmunds, Cambridge, Newmarket and Norwich, at the inclusive price of £4 2s.

This ticket includes first-class return railway journey, dinner on the train or at the hotel on Friday, full board at the Felix Hotel on the Saturday and Sunday, with the alternative of lunch at the club-house, breakfast at the hotel or on the train on Monday morning, green fees, free use of the hard tennis or squash courts, free conveyance of luggage between the station and the hotel.

Competitors not taking advantage of the inclusive ticket will be required to pay green fees.

• Entries

Entries are now being accepted, and should be sent on the entry form published herewith to the Golf Editor, the BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.

Competitors must play off their lowest club handicap.

Any competitor whose handicap is altered after he has forwarded his entry must notify the Golf Editor of the BYSTANDER at the Felix Hotel by noon on March 20th.

The BYSTANDER reserves the right to refuse an entry without giving any reason whatsoever for so doing.

ENTRY FORM • No Entrance Fee

"Bystander" £500 Golf Trophy

To be played at Felixstowe on Saturday, March 21st and Sunday, March 22nd

IN BLOCK LETTERS.

Surname..... Initials.. .....

Club.. ..... Lowest Handicap.....

Address .....

.....

Telephone No.....

I shall be playing with ..... in the qualifying round.

I require a partner for the qualifying round.
(Strike out one of these.)

There is no entrance fee. I enclose a handicap certificate.

(Signed).....

Straws and Panamas—Woollands

E.550.

Becoming little black hat in fine baku, copy of French model, trimmed with smart white wings. Price 3½ Gns.

E.551.

This hat is made in white paper panama and trimmed with a black stitched felt quill and veil. Price 3 Gns.

E.552.

Very smart black hat in fine straw trimmed black petersham with a touch of white, and a smart quill. Made in many lovely colours. Price 3½ Gns.

Distinctive Dress Display

in all departments To-day and Daily

Hat booklet post free on request.

Woollands

KNIGHTSBRIDGE, S.W.1. LTD.

CÆSAR'S WIFE—A MATTER OF COLOUR

By C. AMBLER.

Copies in full colour, on plate sunk mounts (actual size of picture 15″ × 10¼″), at 5/- each.
Copies signed by the artist 10/- each.

Postage in each case 6d. extra

Or framed complete in best quality ½″ Polished Black Moulding, as shown above, with Plywood back and glass. Size over all 20¾″ × 16¾″. Packed in Wooden Crate and Carriage Paid in Great Britain and Ireland (excluding the Irish Free State) 10/6 each.

Or copies signed by the artist 15/6 each.

Orders with remittance to be sent to—

ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, Ltd.,

Illustrated House, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.

Fashions 1836

poke bonnets—wasp waists—billowy skirts—puff sleeves—this **was** *the lady of fashion.*

corot
1936

reflect on fashions 1836 and count your blessings—reflect on corot spring fashions 1936 and count your many advantages!

here is an outstanding collection of lovely bond street models all brought so easily within your reach by the well-known corot instalment plan.

post the coupon below for the corot spring fashion guide and full particulars, or call personally at the corot bond street showrooms.

"youthful charm"

a three-quarter coat swings over a frock in the same fine woollen. the frock has long sleeves, with collar and bow of broderie anglaise.

19/6

cash 6½ gns. **monthly.**

corot

(dept. b. s. 299)

33 old bond street

london, w.1 **regent 0234**

corot ltd., 33, old bond street, london, w.1.

free please send corot fashion guide & details.

*name*_____

*address*_____

b. s. 299

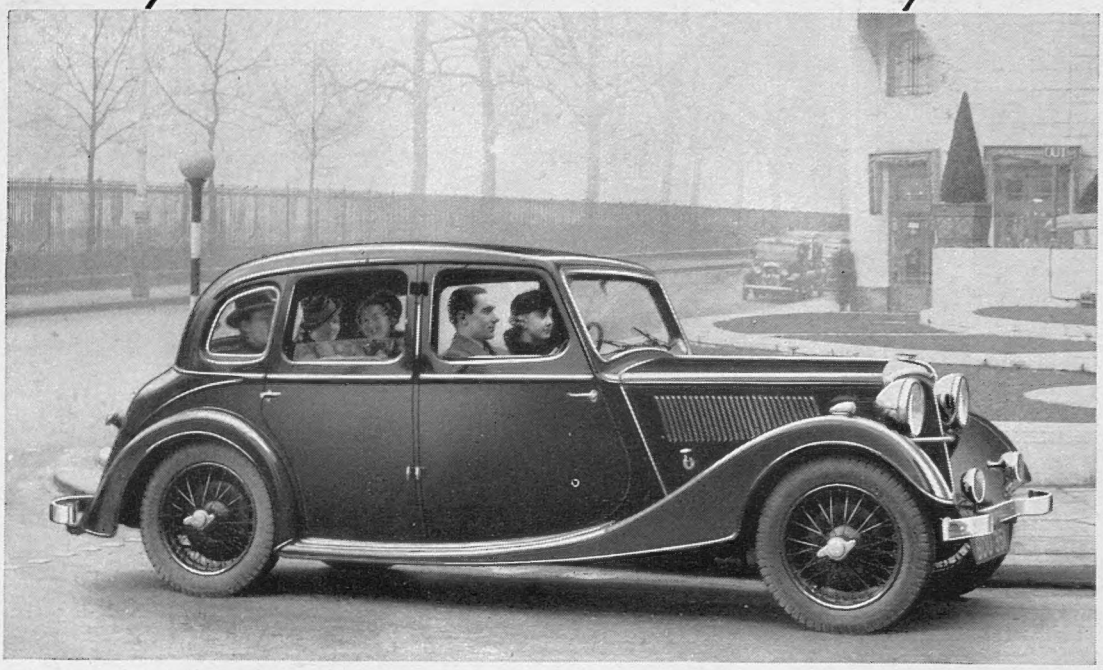
From Harrods Cruising Section

Bright seas and clear skies meet cool linen with its whiteness relieved here by brilliant touches of colour. A most versatile cruise suit indeed (the little coatee hides a backless frock) in natural shade picked out with navy and deep tone contrasts, other shades to order, **9 gns.** The energetic young woman bursting into the picture is wearing shantung trousers and shirt — splendidly casual for lounging or sports wear. Natural or navy trousers, **55/9.** Shirts in natural, navy, rose or turquoise, **35/6.**

Harrods

Harrods Ltd
London SW1

People are noticing it



Riley

There's a quiet dignity about the Adelphi that sets it apart from the usual run. With that uncanny aptitude for producing a car that is "right," Riley engineers have once again produced a design that will attract the motorist from the ranks of car-users. Here is a real five-seater with open car vision and true Riley performance. Indeed, the finest all-purpose Riley that has ever been built!

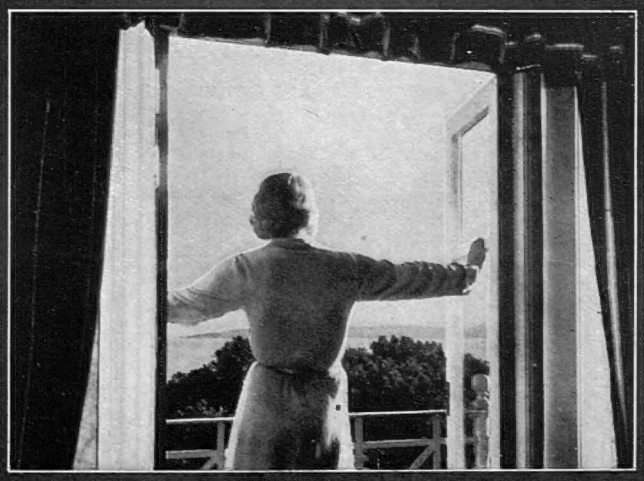
ADELPHI

RILEY 6-LIGHT 5-SEATER "ADELPHI" COACHBUILT SALOON. 1½ Litre (Tax £9 0 0) £350. 6-cyl. 15 h.p. (Tax £11 5 0) £380. Other Riley models from £269. Triplex Glass and Dunlop Tyres. Riley (Coventry) Limited, Coventry

When chilly breezes make your throat troublesome... an Allenburys Pastille soothes the membranes, bringing quick relief.

Allenburys Glycerine & Black Currant PASTILLES

FROM ALL CHEMISTS 8°& 1'3



What would you? Rippling moonlight on a sea
Spread wide beneath dark groves of cliff-top pines,
Quick-chinking glass, lights, laughter, subtlety
Of syncopation, and of old rare wines . . .
Exhilarating morning, fragrant walk,
Squash, golf or tennis, or the age-old spell
Of sun-soaked hours beguiled in pleasant talk
With friends who come to

BRANKSOME TOWER HOTEL

Write L. Burdet, Manager, for Illustrated Brochure. 'Phone: BOURNEMOUTH 4000

AN INSTITUTION
in Entertaining and Hospitality

GRANT'S MORELLA CHERRY BRANDY

Queen's Sweet
Sportsman's Dry

"For all home entertaining have this lovely liqueur — famous for over a century."

Little Lady Liqueur

WELCOME ALWAYS — KEEP IT HANDY

GRANT'S MORELLA CHERRY BRANDY

From your Wine Merchant or write...
T. GRANT & SONS, Ltd. MAIDSTONE, Eng. (*Est.* 1774)

LONDON SAFE DEPOSIT

MOST MODERN SECURE AND CENTRAL IN EUROPE.

Nominal Charges.

'Phone: Whitehall 8845

18-20, LOWER REGENT ST. PICCADILLY CIRCUS

The most amazing concession ever offered to backers

NO LIMIT WHATSOEVER—

AT TOTE ODDS + 5%
on win and each-way commissions

OR

STARTING PRICE
on singles, doubles and accumulators

—WITH NO RESTRICTION

as to time of receipt of wires★

★ TELEGRAMS may be handed in up to the advertised time of the race or from the racecourse right up to the "off"

Write to-day and open a credit account

"DUGGIE NEVER OWES"

Douglas Stuart Ltd.

STUART HOUSE · LONDON · W·C·2